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No. 4. CHARLES DICKENS, in the CRITIC of September 4, No. 426.

No. 5. JAMES HANNAY, in the CRITIC of October 2, No. 430.

No. 6. CHARLES MACKAY, in the CRITIC of November 6, No. 433.

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THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS.

GLADSTONE.

HALF a cunning, captious lawyer, and half a clever theological casuist, Gladstone could only have excelled by devoting himself exclusively to theology or to law. He has failed as a statesman, from the total inability of being anything but a dissector of details. He belongs to the centuries when ponderous folios were written about the merest trifles, and when he was honoured as monarch of mind who could divide something into minuter points than his neighbours. What ingenuity Gladstone would have displayed if he had stood forth to measure intellects with Thomas Aquinas! How he would have shone and culminated at councils! After a creed had received what was thought the finishing touch, he would always have been able to suggest some improvements. His speaking, though often admired, is really fitted to convince only those whose mental character resembles that of William Gladstone. He has neither the passion, the imagination, nor the directness of the orator. But if he can speak, assuredly he cannot write. The style of his books is loose and lumbering. It wants sinew, sharpness, movement. His tongue is nimble, but his pen is slow. His "Casuist's Guide," however, will probably contain things worth reading. It will be interesting to know what so consummate a casuist has to say on the subject of casuistry.

MAURICE.

As a casuist Gladstone has a formidable rival in Maurice. More fortunate than Gladstone, Maurice is always able as a theologian to be a casuist on the best field for casuistry. There are frequent glimpses of amiable motive, of excellent intention, in all Maurice's too numerous works. But in an age which needs the grandest, strongest, prophetic voices to urge it on to what is noble, Maurice's refinements and subtleties have a dangerous effect. For a casuist Maurice is a good writer, if we except a tendency to colloquialism, which looks mean enough when Isaiah or John the Baptist comes on the scene. Maurice's peculiar theological position, however, gives a certain novelty to his literary utterances. His style, though not marked by strength, has yet individuality. There are traces of Carlyle and Coleridge; there is a sickly odour of cloistralism; but not rare is that rare thing, unction: we meet delicacies of expression which almost resemble graces, and a persuasive affectionateness whose occasional warmth is the only eloquence of which Maurice is capable.

FOX.

Though William Johnson Fox has not succeeded in the House of Commons, and though what he now writes wants force and fire, yet in his earlier and perhaps more earnest days he displayed eminent oratorical ability. Style is apt to be corrupted by writing for periodicals; and in this way Fox's style has suffered as much as any one's. But it is naturally a good style, not free from affectation, but certainly free from artificiality. It was his misfortune to begin life in connection with a small, conceited, frigid sect—and small sects partly dwarf and partly paralyse when they do not in envy and malice slay a man of any real nobleness and talent. Fox spent his best years in the vain attempt to give the Unitarian sect something of catholic culture and tendency. When he saw that his efforts were hopeless, he found, or thought that he could find, escape only into the ordinary literary region. This was falling instead of rising. With aught of prophetic fervour he would have taken a grand prophetic attitude, and been a foremost worker and fighter for England's moral and religious reformation. He preferred instead the society of actors and artists. Fox is perhaps not selfish, but he is self-indulgent. He is patriotic and courageous, but he is not enthusiastic. Without strong passions, persistency of purpose, and stupendous unity of idea, he has frittered away his brain on trifling and transient things. Many years ago I read his "Christian Morality" and his "Christ and Christianity" with unbounded admiration. Whether I should feel the same pages to be beautiful and eloquent now I know not. Fox, in any case, will always be for me a pleasant memory. His thoughts did not nourish my own thoughts; but they kindled that generous glow which in youth is better than thinking.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

As much by nature a sceptic as his more famous brother, Francis William Newman has more wisely than his brother followed scepticism to its fullest, freest, most legitimate results. Scepticism is desirable neither for the individual nor the community; but an honest scepticism is better than a pretended faith. In an age of cowardice and compromise Newman has manifested an inflexible intrepidity in avowing and carrying out his convictions which we cannot too highly praise. As a writer he is lucid and logical, but he wants warmth and colour, and there are frequent traces of heaviness and pedantry. His works can be relished by few, except those who have received an Anglican culture, and to whom classical finish is more important than prodigality of thought, pith, and glow. It is painful to say of one so sincere, so brave, and so high-minded, that he is often puerile and crotchety, and that, though not bigoted, he sometimes reminds us unpleasantly of the theological and political bigots who would be cruel for the most airy abstraction. There are also faults of bad taste and of worse judgment on which I dwell not. Newman has the true martyr spirit; and that should atone for many sins, both of omission and commission.

DISRAELI.

Though identified with what should be the most national and chivalrous of political parties, it is doubtful whether there is any one in that party who does not consider Disraeli a charlatan. The question is whether he is quite so clever a charlatan as he is usually deemed. His style is a tawdry schoolboy style, the style of the circulating library and the debating club. Disraeli as an opponent is dreaded, but it is not his strength that makes him dreaded. He is known, however, to carry a vitriol bottle in his pocket, and many a one who would be more than a match for him in a fair fight shrinks from the conflict through fear of the vitriol bottle. The summary and suitable process would be his expulsion by the combatants on both sides from any field where fair fighting is going on. A man whose only weapon is a vitriol bottle may be dexterous enough to avoid burning his own fingers; can he always avoid burning the fingers of his friends? At all events, we see Disraeli's hideous vitriol scars nowhere but on the cheek of Conservatism. Some few drops of the vitriol have fallen on our noble English language; but our noble English language has recovered from worse wounds. Sometimes I loathe and sometimes I pity Disraeli. I loathe him for his sacrifice of everything patriotic and pure to his own selfishness and vanity; and I pity him for living in a small world of snarl and sarcasm, from which the heart and the conscience are most carefully

excluded. Of eloquence, in any earnest manly sense, he is quite incapable; and the only passages of his writings which struck me as displaying superior talent were some descriptions of Eastern scenery. Where all is so dead and hollow, does this alone remain a vitality—a love in a Hebrew soul of the Hebrew's land?

LOCKHART.

A vain fussy person like Bulwer contrives to keep the public always talking about him: this is his notion of fame. And when no other dodges will do he quotes Horace, to show that he is not quite ignorant of Latin. A reserved and haughty man like Lockhart despises the public, and takes more trouble to gain their silence than their applause. Yet Lockhart had far grander talent than Bulwer, and his style is as remarkable for vigour as for sharpness and brilliancy. In the worldly sense Lockhart was not an unprosperous man; but his life wears to me a tragic aspect. So rich in the rarest gifts, how slight is the trace of those gifts that he has left behind. Let us treasure all the more the few fruits of an intellect so noble.

SOMERVILLE.

With eminent descriptive power, with much occasional tenderness, and with a glowing flowing style, Alexander Somerville seemed destined to enduring fame. His wayward character, however, is an almost invincible hindrance to the realisation of anything abiding. Where persistency, industry, self-respect, are so tragically wanting, what avail the finest intellectual gifts? Somerville has written an interesting autobiography, a defect of which is the obtrusive clumsy introduction of political economy, and of other crotchets and creeds. He is not a thinker: he can only illustrate other men's ideas, and this he does admirably. He contributed potently by his prolific pen to the overthrow of the Corn Laws; but when the Corn Laws fell he seemed to fall too, for we have heard little about him since, and that little has not been satisfactory to those who once read his eloquent outpourings with so much delight. In many things unfortunate, he is especially unfortunate in his choice of subjects. Political economy can never be rendered popularly attractive. A philanthropic gentleman, Mr. William Ellis, endeavours to teach it to little children, an exceedingly cruel Quixotism. Whether true or not, political economy is only a portion of the truth, and should not be severed from the other portions. Who has been so fanatical and persevering in the severance as Alexander Somerville? This hinders, perhaps, his acceptance with the class to which he originally belonged. For, as far as the working classes can see any meaning in political economy, they feel that there is laid on them a burden of duties, sacrifices, and privations from which other classes are exempted. Their hatred of the political economists is therefore natural enough, even if the political economists were not continually thrusting on us what is revoltingly indecent. If Somerville were to let political economy alone, and if he were to go forth into the midst of nature and paint nature just as it offers itself to his eye, he would give us descriptions not unworthy of being placed beside those of John Wilson, to whom the world does such tardy justice.

ATTICUS.

OTTILIA.

(From the German of HEINE.)

Is treacherous dreams I win my youth again:

It is the country-house that crowns the hill—

And down the winding path that seeks the plain,

I joyous wander with Ottilia still.

How blithe her blooming countenance! Her sweet

Blue eye with merry malice twinkling shines,

And firmly stands she on her little feet,

And strength with symmetry of frame combines.

The accent of her voice is true and tender,

Revealing every secret of her mood;

And keenest wit, illumed with fancy's splendour,

Darts from the mouth that seems a damask bud.

'Tis not the net of folly that ensnares me;

I wander not—my reason firmly stands:

The spell of her whole being 'tis that bears me

With quivering lips to press her snowy hands.

Methinks at length I stoop and pluck a lily,

And giving it I tremble, and breathe low—

Give me thy heart and hand, my sweet Ottilia,

That I may be as blest and good as thou!

Her answer must remain uncomprehended,

For suddenly I wake, and once more find

Myself a sick man on my couch extended,

Long years with tortured frame and troubled mind.

R. G.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## MR. ELLIS ON MADAGASCAR.

*Three Visits to Madagascar during the Years 1853, 1854, 1856; including a Journey to the Capital. With Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the present Civilisation of the People.* By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.H.S., Author of "Polynesian Researches." London: John Murray. 1858.

THIS is a most interesting book on a most interesting subject. The new work of the distinguished author of "Polynesian Researches" and historian of Madagascar presents in one respect a very striking contrast to most contributions to missionary literature. It is a record less of personal work than of personal observation. It does not describe the sowing of the seed by the writer or his fellow-labourers, though it glances at the results of the labours of past sowers, which a stern and bloody persecution has not been able to efface. At the time of all three of Mr. Ellis's recent visits to Madagascar the profession of Christianity in the island was a highly criminal offence, for which the punishment was death. Preaching and proselytism were of course out of the question. All that Mr. Ellis found himself, under the circumstances, permitted to say and do as a missionary, was to commune privately with many of the remnant of what may be called the Church of Madagascar; to give the living his counsel, and to collect the sad history of the island's martyrdom. For obvious reasons, details of his interviews with the surviving Christians of Madagascar could not be given without danger. The narrative, therefore, deals much more with secularities than most productions of missionary pens, although the whole is pervaded by a most ardent sympathy with the Christians of Madagascar. The representative of the London Missionary Society appears in Madagascar not as a preacher of the Gospel, but as a political agent, bearing a message of peace and good-will from Queen Victoria, and astonishing the inquisitive Malagasies with the wonders of photography and the electric telegraph.

A treaty of friendship and alliance entered into in 1817 between the Governor of the Mauritius and Radama, King of Madagascar, was followed in 1818 by the arrival in the island of English missionaries sent out under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. We have seen King Radama described as a sort of Peter the Great of Madagascar; at any rate, with the same zeal and success he waged war on the other tribes of Madagascar, and fostered the religion and the arts of peace. By the treaty with the Governor of the Mauritius, King Radama bound himself to suppress the slave trade in his dominions, receiving by way of compensation an annual gift from the British Government. A supply of arms and ammunition formed a portion of it, and Radama's soldiers received English training in the use of fire-arms and in military discipline. Thus equipped and aided, the King of the Hovas made his own the dominant tribe in Madagascar, not without exhibiting the cruelty of savage warfare. But the unscrupulous warrior at the same time gave every encouragement to the missionaries, and to the industrial teachers wisely sent by the London Society in the train of the preachers of the Gospel. From 1818 to 1828 was the spring and summer time of missionary and cognate effort in Madagascar. The missionaries gave the Malagasies for the first time an alphabet, a grammar, elementary books of instruction, and translated the Bible into the native language. Numbers of converts were made to Christianity; natives who could read were counted by the thousand; under the missionary artisans, native apprentices grew to be skilful workers in the iron which abounds in the country, and adepts in the other useful arts of civilisation. But in 1828 the Peter the Great of Madagascar died. The amiable and intelligent successor whom he had nominated was assassinated, and the representative of the pagan and reactionary party, the present Queen of Madagascar, was placed upon the throne. The old superstition was taken under royal patronage, and the missionaries were discouraged. In 1835 the profession of Christianity was interdicted in the island, and the following year the missionaries with their industrial associates were obliged to depart from Mada-

gascar. Some eight or nine years later the native laws were applied to the foreign traders at Tamatave, the chief port of Madagascar, and they appealed to the authorities at the Mauritius and Bourbon. The result was an Anglo-French demonstration, not very skilfully managed. One English and two French ships of war appeared before Tamatave. The town was burned, a force was landed, and the fort was attacked. After a considerable slaughter of the natives, the attacking force had to retire to their ships, leaving in the hands of the enemy thirteen of their number, whose skulls, fixed on poles in front of the assaulted fort, formed one of the first sights that greeted Mr. Ellis on his arrival. All friendly communication for eight years between Madagascar and the Mauritius and Bourbon was suspended. The French and English colonists missed the rice and cattle of Madagascar, and the market which they had found there for the manufactured goods of Europe. But long before, and not in consequence of that "untoward event," the Anglo-French attack on Tamatave, a terrible persecution had been raging against the native Christians. The severity of this persecution was at first enhanced by the conversion, in 1846, of the Queen's son, the heir apparent, and then in his seventeenth year, to Christianity. Eventually, however, his influence began to make itself felt, and in 1852 news reached the London Missionary Society that changes were in progress favourable to the cause. It was in consequence of such reports that Mr. Ellis undertook the first of the visits to Madagascar which are chronicled in this volume with the literary ability long familiar to the public in the author of the "Polynesian Researches."

Embarking at Southampton in the April of 1853, Mr. Ellis reached early in June—thanks to the "pace" of the fine screw steamer in which he sailed—the island of Paul and Virginia, famous nowadays for its combination of free labour with a large and lucrative production of sugar. On inquiry, it seemed as if the reports of an improvement in the domestic politics of Madagascar were exaggerations. But the rumours were naturally conflicting. The Mauritius merchants were anxious for a resumption of the trade, and Mr. Ellis, in the company of a Mr. Cameron, resolutely set sail in a little cockle-shell of a schooner for Madagascar. After a stormy and dangerous passage, they anchored in the roadstead of Tamatave, and the sight of the English and French skulls not far off produced in Mr. Ellis "a singular and not very pleasant sensation." Presently there was paddled up to the schooner a large clumsy canoe, from which an official and several attendants went on board the stranger. The official turned out to be the harbour master, who spoke English after a fashion, and who, with his attendants, "had neither shoes nor stockings," wearing "white shirts under a cloth bound round their loins, with a large white scarf, the native *lamba*, hanging in ample and graceful folds over their shoulders, and broad-brimmed hats of neatly plaited grass or fine rushes." After some delay, the local governor allowed the Europeans to land, and forwarded to the Queen the letter which they had brought for her from the merchants of the Mauritius, petitioning for a resumption of the trade with Madagascar. During the interval which elapsed between the dispatch of the letter and the arrival of the royal reply, Mr. Ellis made the best of his opportunities. He was civilly and even kindly treated, but assured by the officials that there was no chance of a resumption of the trade until the Mauritius merchants paid the compensation formally and formerly demanded by the Queen for the attack of 1845. The people themselves were anxious for the resumption of trade; for they had, they said, rice, cattle, and poultry in superabundance, but suffered from a scarcity of cloth and other articles of European manufacture. They were delighted with the *Illustrated London News*, and with the photographic process, which seemed to take portraits of them by miracle. The chief official of the custom house (a general lounge) regretted the closing of the schools, "and often spoke with evident satisfaction of his own son having gained a prize or honour at one of the latest examinations which were held before public teaching was discontinued," adding that "all the chiefs earnestly desired edu-

cation for their children, and that the youth of the country were themselves eager after knowledge," a remark which Mr. Ellis had afterwards frequent opportunities of verifying. Last, not least, Mr. Ellis had several interviews, guardedly narrated, with native Christians, "often deeply affected, sometimes even to tears, when they found us unable to supply what they had so long and so earnestly desired." The Christians had been forced to give up their books, and were obliged to trust to memory for their retention of a knowledge of Scripture. After a fortnight well spent, Mr. Ellis and his companions received their answer from the capital. It was courteous but unsatisfactory. It stated that the Queen's time was much occupied with public business, and recommended the voyagers to return at once, lest they "should be overtaken with sickness"—a reference to the coast fever, prevalent and often fatal at certain seasons of the year. There was no help for it, and the hospitable Mauritius was soon again the home of Mr. Ellis.

The merchants of the Mauritius, on learning the fate of their embassy, resolved to pay the sum (15,000 dollars) demanded by her Majesty of Madagascar. Hostilities were useless against a country without roads, and the capital of which was far in the interior. It was a remark of King Radama's that he had two generals—General Forest and General Fever—in whose hands he would leave any invading army. So they sent the money. Trade was resumed, and in the summer of 1853 Mr. Ellis paid his second visit, this time one of several months, to Madagascar, making Tamatave his head-quarters. What with his skill in medicine, what with his photographic apparatus, and readiness to use it, he became quite a lion. Chief after chief, from far and near, hastened to visit him. Mr. Ellis found a striking resemblance between the language of Madagascar and those of Eastern Polynesia, familiar to him in youth. He soon mastered it so far (its grammar is very complicated), that, if his visitors wrote down what they had to say, he could generally, by turning to the dictionary, find out what they meant. The intellectual capacity, the activity, and enterprise of the Hovas, the dominant tribe of Madagascar, Mr. Ellis rates very highly. Phenologically they are a fine people, and differ from the subjugated tribes in style of feature much more than in colour or hair. Ethnologically, it seems, "no doubt can be entertained that they are descended from the ancient race from which the Malayan Archipelago and Eastern Polynesia derive their inhabitants." Mr. Ellis found them less interested in the Russian war than "in some of the reports they had heard of railways and steam navigation or the electric telegraph." The chiefs were always ready to speak about education, and those of them who could read did their best to give their own children the instruction which was fast becoming a mere family matter. There is a description by Mr. Ellis of a public dinner given during his second visit, in conformity with the orders of the Queen, by the Governor of Tamatave, on the occasion of the national festival of the New Year, which in Madagascar falls on the 24th of June. It affords a tolerable idea of Malagasy social refinement. The uniforms of the officers were rather bizarre: "they seemed as if they might have belonged to the different services of various nations." The greater part were English or scarlet, and all the chief officers had epaulettes with cocked hats and feathers.

On proceeding to the dinner table, the places of the guests were indicated by their names being written on pieces of paper and placed on the table napkins; and I soon found myself seated between the lady of the house and the Marshal (the Governor's representative on the occasion). Next to him was an officer who spoke English, though but imperfectly. The officer in the green uniform sat opposite to me, and, as he spoke French tolerably well, I did not find myself so much at a loss as I had anticipated. The dinner was well served and abundant, comprising soup, turkey, roast pig, fowls, ducks, &c., with some good pastry, all set out and served in respectable French or English dishes, plates, &c. But the chief novelty was a dish of *jaka*, which occupied the middle of the table. *Jaka* is beef which has been preserved from the previous year's festival; and to exchange visits and eat each other's *jaka* is considered by the people as the greatest mark of amity in their



power to give. The *jaka*, or preserved beef, was cut into small shreds, and seemed to have been fried crisp and brown. When all were seated, the Marshal rose and made a speech in praise of the sovereign, and stating that it was the wish of the Queen that the foreigners should partake with her officers in the hospitalities of the season; that the Governor regretted that illness prevented his being present; but that he, the speaker, was, on the Governor's behalf, happy to welcome the company as guests. The dish of *jaka* was then handed round, each person taking a small piece in his fingers, and eating it silently and slowly. It seemed to me as if some of the native religious feelings were associated with this part of the feast. I took a small piece, but did not perceive in it any peculiar flavour, certainly nothing to indicate that it had been kept twelve months without salt. The company amounted to more than twenty, and the greatest propriety, with much cheerful hilarity, prevailed. Six female slaves stood behind the two ladies who sat at the head of the table, and one or two aides-de-camp behind the chairs of each of the officers. Indeed, there seemed to be rather too many attendants, but they managed remarkably well. When the dinner was nearly over two slave women entered, and, sitting down on the ground by the side of their mistress, prepared, under her direction, coffee for the company, which was served soon after dinner. After coffee, the company adjourned to a large adjoining room, the walls of which were covered with French paper, representing scenes in the different campaigns of Napoleon. Here I had the opportunity of conversing with several of the officers who spoke English or French, and whom I had previously seen at my house. Music, consisting of a clarinet and drum, with other amusements, were now introduced, and dancing followed. At an early hour, the Marshal made another speech in the name of the Queen; after which her Majesty's health was drunk in a small glass of liquor, when the Marshal rose to retire, and was followed by the rest of the company. In the front court he gave me a cordial farewell salutation, and, entering his palanquin, was borne away, followed by the other officers. I reached home about nine o'clock, and, after a cup of tea, retired to rest much interested in the novel scene I had witnessed.

We hope to return soon to this valuable book.

#### HENRY THE THIRD OF FRANCE.

*Henry III., King of France and Poland; His Court and Times.* By MARTHA WALKER FREER. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THESE volumes contain the result of a very painstaking research into the annals of the reign and era to which they relate. Miss Freer has much, perhaps all, of the quick perception and picturesque style by which Miss Strickland has earned her well-deserved popularity. Like Miss Strickland also, Miss Freer deals comprehensively as well as minutely with her subject; dwelling on important details with an earnest diffuseness which may perhaps be microscopic, but is never tedious. She opens scenes and unravels intrigues in court circles, which have long since passed away, but which have left their permanent impress on European interests even to this day. The Huguenot of the sixteenth century is to France that which the Puritan of the seventeenth is to England. Both are equally related—the former more, and the latter less remotely—to the revolutions which in the two succeeding centuries changed the political history and condition of their respective countries. The reign of Henry III. of France is the history of the fiercest struggle between the rival sects of religious reformers and religious conservatives. Miss Freer has manifestly investigated the best accessible records, and formed her judgments by their aid and her own independent discretion. A stamp of originality is on her writings; and we know of none who possesses more satisfactorily and pleasantly the art of translating and digesting ancient memoirs into instructive and agreeable modern narrative.

Henry III., commonly called Henry de Valois, the third surviving son of Henry II., King of France, and of Catherine de Medici, was born at Fontainebleau, Sept. 18, 1551. At this time Henry II. and Catherine were the parents of four children—Francis, the heir apparent; Charles, Duke of Orleans, and afterwards Charles IX., and two Princesses, Elizabeth and Claude. In the following year Marguerite, afterwards so celebrated as the Queen of Navarre, was born. The young Princes and Princesses were educated with Mary, the Queen of Scotland and affianced to the Dauphin, at St. Germain; and Henry, although a small proficient in his more serious studies, became early distinguished in manly games, and was an especial favourite among the little ladies of St. Germain for his handsome

face and boyish gallantry. The establishment was broken up on the marriage of the Dauphin and Mary Stuart in 1558; and Henry, the young Duc d'Anjou, with his sister Margaret and younger brother the Duc d'Alençon, were transferred to Amboise, where they were residing when Henry II. fell in the tournament of the Rue St. Antoine, mortally wounded by the lance of Montgomery.

The death of Henry II. placed Francis II. on the throne; but his infirm reign lasted only sixteen months, and on his death, 5th December 1560, Charles IX. succeeded his brother, and Henri of Anjou became heir presumptive to the throne of France. The minority and infirm health of Charles IX. left the supreme power in the hands of Catherine de Medici as regent; but the princes of Lorraine—the Duc de Guise and his brother the Cardinal de Lorraine—possessed the secret empire and confidence of the nation. They were the recognised heads of the Catholic party; and their great aim was to extinguish the Huguenot element, which had extended sufficiently to excite the grave alarm of the Vatican. Catherine, although sympathising with the Church of Rome, found herself compelled for a time to encourage the Calvinists as a counterpoise to the overwhelming predominance of the Guises. With much dexterity, but not without a civil war, Catherine established her power, and weakened the Papists without exalting the Huguenots. The Duc de Guise fell by the hand of an assassin. The Cardinal de Lorraine submitted himself to Catherine. Condé and Coligny, the great leaders of the Huguenots, were prisoners at Paris; and when Catherine, in 1563, set out on a tour through her empire, her authority was absolute and undisputed.

The character of King Charles IX. is thus well described by Miss Freer:

In stature Charles was tall, his shoulders were high, and he had a slight habitual stoop. His features were well formed and intelligent, though pallid. His eyes were sharp and penetrating, deeply set, and shadowed by heavy brows. Few could support the King's gaze. Towards those personages whom he disliked, the mingled irony and menace of his glance was intolerable; and no person at court appreciated this power more thoroughly than did the Duc d'Anjou. In the court circle the satirical eye of the King was seldom averted from his brother; as, arrayed in perfumed vestments and displaying the gallant courtesies of the most fastidious *petit-maitre*, Henry paid his *devoirs* to the fair damsels of the famed *escadron de la reine-mère*. No one excelled the King in sarcastic point of speech; Charles in a few words, or by the utterance of a biting jest, would put the most accomplished flatterer to confusion. Yet, despite these asperities, there were fountains of tender feeling in the character of Charles IX.; seldom, it is true, manifested, but nevertheless existing. His regard for Marie Touchet, the only being who, he averred, cared for him, is proof of a better nature. Charles, who was so redoubtable to his courtiers, and whose most amiable condescensions were usually evinced by a jeer at some besetting foible, became courteous and tolerant while conversing with *sa belle Marie*, and when caressing the son she had already borne him.

The feud between the Huguenots and Catholics broke out again, and the Duc d'Anjou was sent to earn military glory against the heretics as Captain-General of the royal forces. With experienced generals to guide him and bear the real responsibility, while the glory of victory was to belong to him alone, Henry showed much real ability and unquestionable courage. At the battle of Moncontour in 1569, when Coligny was signally defeated, Henry displayed distinguished valour. He was unhorsed several times, and exerted himself humanely after the battle in checking the subsequent massacre of the Huguenots. Catherine was delighted with the conduct of her favourite son; but the King received his brother's achievements with ominous silence, and told the Queen mother that he would not be made a *roi faineant* while his brother reaped the glory of war. Accordingly, the King made a short campaign; but, after a futile siege, he returned to Paris, and sanctioned the hollow peace which was broken so cruelly and treacherously by the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

In the interval Charles IX. married Elizabeth of Austria, and the Duc d'Anjou was proposed as a suitor for Queen Elizabeth of England; but a mutual aversion speedily frustrated the latter contemplated alliance. Margaret of Valois about the same time married Henry, King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France; and the marriage, ostensibly formed to complete the reconciliation between the Catholic and Huguenot factions, was treated by the former as the signal for

the most cruel and merciless treachery that ever desecrated the cause of the Christian religion.

Miss Freer draws thus agreeably the character, at the time of his marriage, of "our sovereign lord,"

#### KING HENRY OF NAVARRE.

The humour of the King of Navarre was easy and facetious; his deportment was dignified; and although Henri loved pleasure and dalliance to the full as well as the Duc d'Anjou, he never forgot his position or degraded himself by the adoption of the frivolous modes of the court. His disposition was generous and magnanimous; he was profuse in his expenditure and liberal to all. In his youth Henri had spent many years at the court of France under the protection of Catherine de Medici. During this period, therefore, Henri had been initiated in the accomplishments befitting the gallant cavalier. His taste for poetry was fostered by Catherine, who taught her young protégé to dwell with delight on the melodious verse of her own countrymen, Dante and Tasso. Best of all, however, Henri loved the chivalrous romance or the martial ballads of the troubadours. On the return of the Prince to his mother's guardianship, however, the austere Jeanne d'Albret was scandalised at the frivolity of her son's acquirements; and by her directions sterner studies were substituted, and Henri's favourite lays and romances exchanged for the dry dissertations of Theodore de Bèze or Calvin, and the eloquent wisdom of Plato. The result of this compulsory application was that Henri, when he attained to manhood, cordially abjured learning, while the study of military tactics became his dominant passion. The frankness of Henri's manner, however, charmed the King; and many were the bitter jests which fell from Charles's lips as he contrasted the manly bearing of the King of Navarre with the foppishness of M. d'Anjou and his associates.

In the midst of the marriage festivities the long-smouldering enmity of the Papists assumed its definite form of wholesale murder. The gloomy fanaticism of the King had been much excited by the somewhat overbearing temperament of Coligny; and an attempt to assassinate the latter was the signal for an outbreak of the Huguenots, in which the royal palaces were with difficulty saved from assault. Catherine, the Duc d'Anjou, and the Duc de Guise, son of the assassinated duke, seized the opportunity to extort from the King a reluctant consent for an organised massacre of all the Huguenots who could be seized either in Paris or in the provinces. The signal for the onslaught was to be the tolling of the bell of the Palais de Justice; and the sign by which the orthodox servants of the King were to be distinguished was a white scarf tied round the left arm and a white cross on the hat. The Duc d'Anjou, as Lieutenant-General of the realm, was to take the supreme command of the King's troops. The general conduct of the massacre was given to the Duc de Guise and the Duc d'Aumale. Miss Freer's account of the outbreak of the massacre is very graphic.

The numbers who fell in the massacre are variously estimated. According to some accounts they amounted to 70,000 or 100,000; according to others about 10,000 in Paris and the provinces. The latter seems to be the correct computation. In Paris alone the number of killed amounted to 2000.

This appalling deed excited a universal horror through Protestant and even Roman Catholic Europe. The Emperor of Austria, the King of France's father-in-law, preserved a marked public silence on it, but commented on it in private as an abominable and unjustifiable act. In England Queen Elizabeth refused for a long time to receive the French ambassador, and when he was at last admitted to her presence she received him in deep mourning robes.

These exciting events occupy the first half only of Miss Freer's first volume, and are strictly foreign and introductory to her subject, but are yet far too important and too closely connected with the reign of Henry III., either for her to omit or for us to pass over in noticing her work. We must hasten over the immediate subject of her book and of Henry the Third's reign. Deep as was the shudder of execration through Christian Europe on hearing of the day of St. Bartholomew, the Polish Diet did not hesitate to offer the vacant crown of Poland to the Duke of Anjou. Henry foresaw that the day was fast approaching when a more splendid sovereignty would be his, and was unwilling to leave France, to which the failing health of Charles IX. and his own deep passion for Mary of Cleves, the beautiful Princess of Condé, bound his affection daily more closely. But the King angrily compelled his departure, and Henry travelled slowly into Poland, and was crowned King of Poland at a magnificent coronation at Cracow. But not many months of this

splendid exile had elapsed when the news reached Henry that his brother had expired, and that he was King of France. The Poles were not ready to part with their new king, and proceeded even to treat him as a captive. With much tact and also much dissimulation, Henry escaped from his palace at night, and, at great risk, eluded his pursuers and arrived safely in the friendly palace of the Emperor of Austria. After a magnificent reception at Vienna and at Venice, he travelled on through Padua and Turin into France, and there found his mother and an enthusiastic people prepared to do him homage.

Royalty and empire did not act beneficially on Henry's character; and the scintillations of a higher nature and of noble abilities which he had shown as a subject, disappeared altogether and became lost in an indolent voluptuousness as soon as he became King of France. Disappointed love had perhaps something to do with the sudden and strange deterioration of character which was now perceptible when the lovely Princess of Condé—whose marriage with the Prince of Condé had been unhappy, and who seems to have returned sincerely the sincere passion which Henry undoubtedly felt towards her—before a divorce could be obtained, which Henry had pledged himself to obtain, died suddenly, and not without suspicion of having been poisoned, possibly by her husband. The King's despair was extravagant, and refused to be comforted. At length he demanded the hand of Louise de Lorraine, a distant relative of the Guises, an amiable princess, and not without accomplishments.

The reign of Henry III. is chiefly remarkable for the rise of the celebrated Catholic League, which, formed ostensibly for the support of the state religion and of the royal authority, was virtually a conspiracy by the leading Catholic nobles of France to reduce the royal authority to a shadow, and the constitution itself to an oligarchy of the most exclusive kind. The great subtlety of Catherine had failed to conciliate popularity towards her; and her commanding abilities, although exerted honestly for the preservation of her son's sovereignty, were insufficient to rouse a corresponding energy in him, and even acted in some measure injuriously to his interests by giving prominence to his incapacity and imbecility. Thus the confederation of which Henry, the young Duke of Guise, became now the head, began to absorb all popular regard towards itself. The results were curious, in drawing together parties which had seemed to be irreconcilably hostile, and in severing others who had seemed to be indissolubly connected. The early part of Henry III.'s reign was marked by a rupture between him and the Huguenots—of whom the King of Navarre was now the acknowledged chief—which appeared to be irreparable. But soon the insidious progress of the League drew off the attention of the King and Queen-Mother to a danger far more domestic and imminent. Under the undoubted instigation of the Duc de Guise, the excitable Parisians rose against the King's Swiss Guards. The day of the Barri- cades saw Henry a fugitive from his capital; and an unstable peace was purchased only by an abject submission of the King to the dictates of the Council of Blois, and their president the Duke of Guise. Again assassination was employed—culpable, but not altogether inexcusable—to rid the King of the arch-traitor, the Duke of Guise, who had gradually reduced Henry to the position of a state prisoner. Again Paris, on hearing of the foul murder of their popular leader, rose in successful insurrection; and the news came to embitter the last hours of Catherine of Medici. The Duke of Mayence assumed the place which the death of the Duke of Guise had left vacant; and then was seen the strange sight of the two Henries—Kings of France and Navarre, the champions of Roman Catholic and of Protestant France, the bitter enemies of the past and the close friends of the present—uniting their equally dissentient forces to besiege the great capital of a country of which one was king and the other heir presumptive to the throne. But, on the 31st of July 1589, a monk named Clement left Paris and proceeded to St. Cloud, where the King was superintending the siege. The next morning he obtained an audience with Henry as the bearer of important news; he handed a letter to him, and simultaneously plunged a dagger into his abdomen. The assassin was instantly cut to pieces; but the King sank mortally wounded. He lingered two days and then expired, after having heard his nobles swear fealty to Henri of Navarre, henceforth Henri IV.

In parting with Miss Freer we must again recommend heartily to the reading public the work of which we have thus given a general survey. The historical novel elevated from fiction to the fidelity of history, and retaining the picturesqueness without being chargeable with the fancifulness and unreality of a novel, is to our mind the best because the most attractive kind of history. Hence it is that memoirs and biographies are so much more readable, and so much more popular, than the fleshless and bloodless abstractions or narratives which are received as instructive chiefly because they are revolting. But as we look on the full length portraits of persons and of manners, such as Miss Freer gives us—as we hear her *dramatis persone* speak their own sentiments in their own language, or in that of well-judged epitome—not only do the mists of mediæval antiquity disperse, but we seem to be borne back into the buried centuries, and to see the quaint people of those times as they lived, and to hear them as they talked.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

*A History of the Book of Common Prayer and other books of authority; with an attempt to ascertain how the Rubrics and Canons have been understood and observed from the Reformation to the Accession of George III. Also an Account of the State of Religion and Religious Parties in England from 1640 to 1660.* By the Rev. THOMAS LATHBURY, M.A. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.

THERE was never perhaps so much activity displayed in investigating the history of the Reformed Church of England—its doctrines, usages, forms, and ceremonies—as there is at present. The reason for this, to a great extent, may be found in the acrimonious dispute now for a long time going on between the High and Low Church parties among us, each of which appeals to antiquity in its favour. Consequently there has been a great turning over of the early editions of the Common Prayer, Homilies, and other books of authority; and consequently again all such books have increased in price to such an extent, that no one but a millionaire thinks of bidding for them at public auction. Happily, such Bibliomania is not always so profitless as some would suppose, and in the present instance, at least, it has led to the composition of a very useful work—one which not merely gives a scholarlike history of the Book of Common Prayer, but which supplies a great many interesting details of the circumstances under which it was produced, and of its various fortunes, from its first appearance down to the time of the Restoration.

Believing it to be a subject in which most of our readers feel an interest, we shall avail ourselves of the appearance of Mr. Lathbury's volume to give a brief sketch of the history of our Common Prayer Book.

Before the great Reformation there was no uniform common service book that was used throughout the country in the celebration of divine worship, but there were several such works set forth for the use of particular dioceses. Each diocese, indeed, had not a separate one of its own, many of them being content to adopt that of some neighbouring diocese which, by whatever means, had attained to a certain supremacy over the rest. The dioceses whose service books were thus adopted by their neighbours were, as far as has been hitherto ascertained, only four in number, namely, Sarum, York, Hereford, and Bangor; the two former enjoying by far the greatest amount of preference. Generally, it may be said that the service books of the Sarum diocese prevailed throughout the southern portion of the kingdom, and those of York in the northern portion. It may be noticed also that the Sarum books were multiplied to a much greater degree after the invention of printing than were those of York. The books themselves were of various kinds, as, first, the Missal, then the Breviary, then the Hymnal, the Gradual, the Antiphoner, the Processional, the Directory, and others. All these were in Latin, and were used either in the celebration of divine worship or by the priests in their private devotions. But besides these there was a book of devotions for the laity, called *Hours* or *Hours*, which, while it served as a guide at public service, contained also several prayers and directions in English. These books were enriched with pictures and ornamental borders, sometimes by the best artists of the day—offering frequently the best specimens

of the art of illumination as practised in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. After the invention of printing numerous editions of the "Hours for the use of Sarum" were issued from the press, most of them being printed at Paris, perhaps from the facility that existed there of procuring the woodcut illustrations without which such works would scarcely have found a market. These illustrations were in general illuminated afterwards in imitation of the MS. copies, to which they are often not much inferior.

To the "Hours" succeeded a little book called the "Primer for the use of Salisbury," published sometimes in Latin and English, and sometimes in English alone; the English editions being in all likelihood called forth by the success that attended the circulation of Tyndal's New Testament and the other parts of the Bible translated by him. The English public had, in fact, about the year 1530, become strongly imbued with the Reformation doctrines, and the assertion of the Royal Supremacy by King Henry VIII., followed soon afterwards by a complete translation of the Bible in English, with permission to all classes to read the same, called forth a strong desire in men's minds that the prayers of the Church might be also offered up in the vernacular tongue. This, however, was not to be done in Henry's time. The King himself was by no means prepared to tolerate such an innovation, and Cranmer and his friends had too wholesome a dread of his imperious and sanguinary temper to seek to force it upon him. Two or three editions of the "Primer" in English, however, were allowed to be published; and there was also a book set forth by authority, called "A necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man, set forth by the King's Majesty of England," London, 1543, of which at least three editions appeared in the same year. This was entirely in English, and presumed to tell the people what they ought to believe on the principal points that were then agitating men's minds. The tendency of the book is upon the whole more towards Popery than Protestantism; Henry wishing to restrain as much as possible the free spirit of religious inquiry that had been called forth by the circulation of the Scriptures. All such endeavours were, however, to no purpose, and when the King died, on the 27th of January 1547, the people were fully ripe for that larger measure of reformation which Cranmer and the other advisers of Edward VI. were now ready to accord. Still nothing was to be hastily changed; Cranmer's view of a reformation was simply a return to the doctrines and practices of the primitive Church. Upon many points he had not fully made up his own mind; and he deemed it better to permit matters to remain as they were for a season, than rashly to rush upon changes, the consequences of which no one could foresee.

All that was done at first, therefore, was to issue "injunctions" by royal authority, in which several corrupt practices of the Church of Rome were condemned and ordered to be discontinued, but without assailing any of its doctrines, except that of the Papal supremacy. Against this the clergy were called upon to protest four times in every year. Images, relics, pilgrimages, and sham miracles were also condemned in these injunctions; all lights, except two on the high altar, were to be discontinued; the *Paternoster*, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments were to be repeated in English; and the Bible in English, with the paraphrase of Erasmus, was to be set up in every church. Another step in the direction of an English service-book was the order to repeat the Epistle and Gospel in English at the celebration of mass; but whether this order was contained in the injunctions does not clearly appear from Mr. Lathbury's account of the matter.

At length, on the 8th of March 1548, appeared the "Order of Communion"—a service put forth by royal proclamation, and intended to be repeated after the priest had himself communicated. Up to the moment of the priest's communication the words were in Latin; but when the laity were admitted to partake there was this separate service in English. And now also the laity were permitted to partake of the cup in communion, and "an intimation was given that other things would be redressed in due time, according to God's Word." The next service that appeared was "the Order of Matrimony" in English, though it is doubtful whether this may not have been printed shortly before the "Order of Communion," since it is without date. These two services were



the legitimate precursors of the Common Prayer Book. Others may have been allowed, as the period was one of transition, but these were enjoined.

Thus, for about two years after Edward's accession, the old Latin service books were in use in our churches, with the exception of certain erasures, and the addition of those prayers and offices which we have just mentioned. Meanwhile, however, Craumer was busy in drawing up a complete and uniform public service in English, to be used in place of all others, whether old or recent. This was "The Booke of the Common Praier and Administracion of the Sacramentes and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church: after the Use of the Church of England." The first edition of this work was printed, according to Mr. Lathbury, by Edward Grafton, on the 7th of March 1549. Others, however, contend that the first edition must have been in May 1549, and that the one bearing date March 7th must be referred to 1550, since at that time the year did not commence before the 25th of March. In answer to this Mr. Lathbury shows that the practice with respect to the commencement of the year was not severely uniform. Sometimes one date was given and sometimes the other, by the printers of the time, for books published between the 1st of Jan. and the 25th of March. The late Mr. Pickering, a good judge in such matters, always maintained that this was the first edition. Besides which there is positive evidence that the book was used at public service in some of the London churches on Easter Sunday, 1549, which day fell on the 21st of April in that year. Stowe writes that "at Easter some began to officiate by it, followed by others, as soon as books could be provided;" and Bucer, writing from Lambeth on the 26th of April, says: "All the services in the churches are read or sung in the vernacular tongue." Other evidence might be adduced to the same effect; but this we think is sufficiently conclusive in favour of the opinion that the Prayer Book of the 7th March was the first edition, rather than the Prayer Book issued in May by the same printer.

To supply the great demand of the churches for copies, however, one printer would not suffice. There were therefore editions by Whitechurch, as well as by Grafton. The first by Whitechurch, according to Mr. Lathbury, bears the date of 8th March 1549; but we have ourselves seen an edition of the 7th of March by him, which might perhaps raise a doubt as to Grafton's being the first. Probably both printers went shares in the profits of the publication. Other editions of the Common Prayer Book appeared in May, June, and July 1559, all closely resembling each other; but there was no edition subsequently, as it appears, until 1552, when the second of King Edward's Prayer Books was published, in which "there appeared no small alteration in the outward solemnities of divine service. For by the Rubric of that book no copes or other vestures were required, but the surplice only; whereby the bishops were necessitated to forbear their crosses, and the prebends at Paul's and other churches occasioned to leave off their hoods." To this second Prayer Book was added the Ordinal, or "the forme and maner of makyng and consecrating of archbishops, bishops, priests, and deacons," previously published in a separate form in 1549. This "Ordinal" had been subjected to revision, and was now published with the Book of Common Prayer itself.

Such were the circumstances that attended the publication of the first editions of the Common Prayer, which, as every one knows, was suppressed by Queen Mary soon after her accession, and was reissued by Elizabeth in a revised form in 1559. During the first few months of Elizabeth's reign matters were in much the same state as in the two first years of Edward. The Queen herself, indeed, for some time attended mass, forbidding only the elevation of the Host. Still she had determined upon restoring the Book of Common Prayer; but then came a question whether it should be the first or the second of the Edward Prayer Books, when it was resolved that the second should be adopted for revision. Commissioners were then appointed to do so. It appears that one Guest, a Divine who was appointed to act with the commissioners, was more active in the work than any other individual. "Him the Secretary required diligently to compare both King Edward's Communion Books together, and from them to frame a book for the use

of the Church of England, by correcting and amending, altering and adding, or taking away, according to his judgment and the ancient Liturgies." "The book when arranged was taken," says Mr. Lathbury, "by Guest to the Secretary, with a paper containing a vindication of the alterations which were to be submitted to Parliament." How quietly all this was done must astonish the modern reader. As to Guest, who had so much "greatness thrust upon him," Mr. Lathbury seems to know no more than what Strype tells, in the following words: "And by this writing it appears that the main care of the revisal and preparation of the book lay upon that reverend divine, whom I suppose Parker recommended to the Secretary to supply his absence."

For an account of the differences that exist between the Prayer Book of Elizabeth and those of Edward, we must be content to refer the reader to Mr. Lathbury's valuable work, where also he will find a sketch of the subsequent history of the Book of Common Prayer, and of the disputes that raged between the Puritans and Separatists on the one hand and the Bishops of the Church of England on the other, down to Cromwell's time, when the Book of Common Prayer was again proscribed, and the tyranny of Whitgift and Laud was revenged upon the peaceful clergy of our country generally. In his account of these disputes we are sorry to perceive that Mr. Lathbury does not always preserve that tone of impartiality which is so desirable in a historian. There were doubtless faults on both sides; but his sympathies are too warmly enlisted in favour of his own Church to make him a safe guide to the reader in judging of her Puritan opponents.

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LECTURES.

*Dr. Livingstone's Cambridge Lectures.* Together with a Prefatory Letter, by the Rev. Professor SEDGWICK, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited with an Introduction, Life of Dr. Livingstone, Notes, and Appendix, by the Rev. WILLIAM MONK, M.A., &c., with a Portrait and Map; also a large Map, by ARROWSMITH. The whole being a Compendium of Information on the Central South African Question. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.

Or the 274 pages which compose this volume only 47 pages, or little more than a sixth part of the whole, are occupied with Dr. Livingstone's Lectures. Yet shall we not exclaim, "O monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"—for the sack is of the finest, and contrasts favourably with those "thin potatoes" which are but too often served up at the literary banquet. Professor Sedgwick's name alone appearing on the title-page as one of the *collaborateurs* would be a sufficient recommendation of this work; but no one can thoroughly appreciate the value of his prefatory letter without perusing it from beginning to end. It contains a perfect digest of Dr. Livingstone's two great journeys, and assists the reader greatly in forming a true estimate of the benefits conferred upon civilisation and science by the labours of our enterprising traveller. Added to this is a life of Dr. Livingstone by the editor, with a copious appendix from the same hand, illustrating many topics upon which the lecturer could but barely touch in two short addresses. In this appendix Mr. Monk considers and discusses Dr. Livingstone's explorations under four aspects, viz. the historical, the scientific, the ethnological, and the moral and religious; in each of which he shows that we are indebted to him to an extent that few are aware of. Persons who have not read Dr. Livingstone's large work, or who have done so in only a superficial way, may peruse this appendix with great advantage.

We shall now proceed to speak of the lectures themselves, which were delivered to crowded audiences at Cambridge, on the 4th and 5th of December last—the first in the Senate House of the University, under the presidency of the Vice-Chancellor; and the second, under that of the Mayor, in the Town Hall.

Dr. Livingstone's principal object in delivering them was to rouse a spirit of missionary enterprise among the younger portion of his audience. With what effect remains to be seen. But, at all events, he was received in a manner which proves that the University "is as ready as ever to recognise merit, advance science, encourage philanthropy, and promote religion." Dr. Livingstone's fame had travelled before him.

The Senate-house scene (says the editor) was worthy of the most graphic painting which pen or pencil

could portray. There was a solemn majesty about it which all present must have felt. It was an uncommon occasion. Cambridge elevation and culture came suddenly into contact with the mighty questions of African degradation and progress.

Such in fact was the enthusiasm, that Professor Sedgwick, who has witnessed all the installations and receptions that have taken place there during the last half-century, declares that it exceeded them all. There were present Dr. Whewell, Professor Sedgwick, the Astronomer Royal, Professor Selwyn, Dr. Bateson, and other luminaries of the University too numerous to be mentioned. The building was crowded to excess, and the lecturer was received with volley after volley of cheers. Upon commencing his address he modestly apologised for the imperfection of his language, in the following terms:—

When I went to Africa about seventeen years ago I resolved to acquire an accurate knowledge of the native tongues; and as I continued while there to speak generally in the African languages, the result is that I am not now very fluent in my own; but if you will excuse my imperfections under that head, I will endeavour to give you as clear an idea of Africa as I can.

Presently, however, the speaker grows eloquent. There is great simplicity in his language, no aiming at rhetorical effect, no tropes or metaphors, and no high-flown poetic diction. The story that he has to tell is a wonderful one; namely, of eleven thousand miles of travel in the fable land of Africa, across deserts and through morasses never visited by white man before; mingling with strange tribes, learning their uncouth languages, and making himself acquainted with their degrading superstitions, in order that he might substitute for them some knowledge, however slight, of the pure religion of Christianity. In describing such things the man is earnest, and therefore eloquent; he wishes his hearers to realise the importance of the work upon which he was engaged; and he dwells more upon that, and upon the prospect looming in the future of the degraded tribes of Africa becoming partakers of our Christian civilisation, than upon his own sufferings and privations as a missionary pioneer in the cause. Yet were these sufferings and privations far from being light and trifling.

Now he was prostrate with fever, now overcome with fatigue, beset with difficulties, and tried by untoward events. One day untutored companions had to be managed, savage tribes propitiated; and another, trackless forests must be threaded, bridgeless rivers, swamps, and prairie lands crossed, and dangers on all hands overcome. Nearly every day subsistence had to be obtained by hunting, or received as presents from the natives.

Often, too, his life was in danger from the attacks of hostile tribes; the Boers were invariably unkind, and even insolent to him, because he was known to be friendly towards the natives; and he experienced "decided hostility among the slave-dealing tribes, and along the slave-dealer's trail."

Dr. Livingstone's contributions to science are perhaps the largest that have ever been made by any single traveller—certainly by any traveller in South Africa. He has completely altered the map of that continent. Other explorers, in attempting to penetrate the interior, have either died in the attempt, or have been obliged, after taking a hasty and transient glimpse, to return upon their steps. Others again have limited their explorations to a mere fringing of the coasts. Livingstone alone, of them all, has boldly crossed the continent from ocean to ocean, and given the results of his explorations to the world. Thus it is, that "the immense sandy plains of some philosophers speculating at home, in which rivers were asserted to be lost, and no life, animate or inanimate, was declared to flourish, are proved by our traveller to exist only in the fertile brains of those worthies; while facts replace these plains with peopled and productive regions."

It was in 1849 that Dr. Livingstone for the first time crossed a part of the great Kalahari desert, and visited the Lake Ngami, being the first European traveller that ever saw it. In the following year he made another excursion northward, and reached the great river Zambesi. In 1852 he set out again from Cape Town for Central Africa. "This journey extended from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa in an oblique direction to Quillimane in Eastern Africa." In this journey he was accompanied by more than 100 native attendants, lent

to him by a friendly chief, Seketelu, whom he left behind at Teté, the most inland settlement of the Portuguese, whence he proceeded down the river Zambesi to Quillimane, and was there taken on board Her Majesty's brig Frolic, bound to the Mauritius, from which place he sailed for England, and arrived in this country on the 12th December 1856.

Never was traveller welcomed back to his native shores with greater enthusiasm; and no one more deservedly. Sixteen years before, he had gone away as a simple missionary; and now upon his return he was greeted on all sides with the applause justly due to the man who had not only faithfully discharged his duties as a preacher of the Gospel, but who had enlarged the domains of science, opened up new paths for enterprise and commerce, and conciliated the affections of powerful chiefs, through whose influence a thriving trade will, it is hoped, soon be carried on with the natives of Central Africa. In the face of such peaceful intercourse slave dealing may naturally be expected to decline, if not to disappear altogether; since, as Dr. Livingstone shows, the natural products of the country are quite sufficient to repay the legitimate enterprise of commerce.

We have spoken of the geographical discoveries of Dr. Livingstone as entitling him to take rank among the foremost scientific men of our time; but we must not omit to mention that he is also entitled to our deepest gratitude for the attention that he bestowed during his travels upon the geology and mineralogy of Central Africa, its botany and ethnology, and his careful meteorological and astronomical observations. He went out, in fact, aptly furnished for his work; being not merely a pious and devoted missionary, but with an excellent talent for acquiring languages, a good knowledge of medicine and surgery, and such other general acquaintance with science as a cultivated man knows how to use to the best advantage. May he live for many years yet, and return to us in good health, after achieving still greater triumphs!

#### GREATHED'S LETTER ON THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

*Letters written during the Siege of Delhi.* By H. H. GREATHED, Esq. Edited by his Widow. London: Longman and Co.

SCARCELY twelve months have passed away since Delhi was the central point of interest in the great Indian rebellion. The name of that city is now scarcely to be found in the columns of Indian intelligence; and the siege, so heroically maintained and so triumphantly concluded, is a story put aside and forgotten as no longer concerning the business of the day and hour. But there are still many to whom every point in that fierce and uncertain struggle, in which English power was for awhile cast down and trampled in the dust, every day in that period of terror and confusion, is full of interest—relatives, friends, and connections of those who were there, and who fought and suffered. To these Mrs. Greathed's publication will at least be welcome; nor will it be wholly without attraction to others who are not too roughly hustled in the world's great business to find leisure to look back. Mr. Greathed was present in the English camp throughout the siege. He was a civilian only; but he chronicles military operations with a soldier's brevity and clearness. The distinction between civilian and soldier in India has indeed never been very broadly marked from the days of Clive unto this hour. Mr. Greathed was appointed Commissioner and Political Agent at Delhi immediately after the outbreak; and during his Commission and separation from Mrs. Greathed, who remained at Meerut, he addressed to her the letters which form this thick and pretty closely-printed volume. That he was at least a loving husband is manifested even by the dates of his letters. In the four months of siege he scarcely misses a single day; and what slight gaps appear are mostly attributable to the interception by the enemy of his messenger.

Mr. and Mrs. Greathed were in Meerut when the first small speck of insurrection, "no bigger than a man's hand," appeared in the horizon. All thought it only a trifle; but the storm burst quickly. Mrs. Greathed herself thus describes a terrible night for the English residents in Meerut—the night of the 10th of May, 1856. On the 9th, she says:

We dined in the evening at Colonel Custance's. In the course of conversation I related to him what I had

heard—that placards had been seen about the city, calling upon all true Mussulmans to rise and slaughter the English. The threat was treated by us all with an indignant disbelief. Alas! one brave officer, Colonel Finnis, sitting with us at table, was, within twenty-four hours, one of the first victims to the infuriated soldiery. Sunday, the 10th of May, dawned in peace and happiness. The early morning service, at the Cantonment Church, saw many assembled together, some never to meet on earth again. Well do I remember the few words said and exchanged with poor young M'Nabb,\* who, before the sun had set, had ceased to be amongst the living. The day passed in quiet happiness; no thought of danger disturbed the serenity of that happy home. Alas! how differently closed the Sabbath which dawned so tranquilly. We were on the point of going to the evening service, when the disturbance commenced on the Native Parade ground. Shots and volumes of smoke told of what was going on: our servants begged us not to show ourselves, and urged the necessity of closing our doors, as the mob were approaching. Mr. Greathed, after loading his arms, took me to the terrace on the top of the house; two of our countrywomen also took refuge with us to escape from the bullets of the rebels. Just at this moment, Mr. Gough, of the 3rd Cavalry, galloped full speed up to the house. He had dashed through the mutinous troops, fired at on all sides, to come and give us notice of the danger. The nephew of the Afghan chieftain, Jan Fishan, also came for the same purpose, and was, I regret to say, wounded by a Sepoy. The increasing tumult, thickening smoke, and fires all around, convinced us of the necessity of making our position as safe as we could; our guard were drawn up below. After dark, a party of insurgents rushed into the grounds, drove off the guard, and broke into the house, and set it on fire. On all sides we could hear them smashing and plundering, and calling loudly for us; it seemed once or twice as though footsteps were on the staircase, but no one came up.

That hatred and contempt towards our East Indian fellow-subjects, against which Mr. Russell has so nobly protested, makes the association of fidelity and a "niggar" appear to some impossible; but the Greatheds found at least one faithful native, to whom they owed their lives:

After some time, the flames got the ascendant, and the smoke became intolerable. Just as the fire threatened our destruction, we heard the voice of one of our servants calling to us to come down. At all risks, we descended. Our faithful servant, Golab Khan, seeing our perilous situation amidst the increasing flames, and that every moment was precious, with his characteristic presence of mind and quickness, had suddenly thought of a plan by which to draw away the mob, who, after having satisfied themselves with all the plunder they could get, were every moment becoming more eager in their search for us. He boldly went up to them, won their confidence by declaring himself of their faith, and willing to give us up into their hands. He assured them it was useless to continue their search in the house; but if they would all follow him, he would lead them to a haystack, where we had been concealed. The plan succeeded; and so convinced were they that what he had told them was the truth, that not a man remained behind. In this interval we got safely down. Not a human being was to be seen near the house; but we had only just time to escape into the garden when the mutinous crowd returned, madder than ever at the deception that had been practised on them. Golab Khan's life was now almost as much at risk as our own, but he happily escaped. In a very few minutes after our descent, the house fell in with a crash.

Mrs. Greathed afterwards remained concealed in a tree in the garden, while her husband kept watch below, his revolver in his hand, till daylight dawned upon their ruined home. By this time the mob had luckily dispersed, and the two rejoined their friends, who had given them up for lost. Within a few days afterwards Mr. Greathed was appointed to his commissionership in the Delhi camp, and parted with his wife; after which, we believe, they never met again. Mr. Greathed was with the force when it entered the first walls of the city. Still filled with life and spirit, he wrote a letter describing the famous blowing in of the gates with powder bags by Lieutenants Salkeld and Home on the 18th September; but the fighting of the 19th and the 20th found no record from his pen. The messenger who had brought his welcomed letters so regularly into Meerut for the last four months went to and fro no more.

There were gloomy forebodings in England as to the fate of the besiegers; but it is curious to observe how little this spirit appears to have been felt by Mr. Greathed or the officers in the camp.

\* A young friend who had only just arrived, and joined his regiment, the 3rd Cavalry, at Meerut. He was cut down by a party of mutineers as he was returning home from the Artillery Mess, unarmed and unprepared for the mutiny that had just commenced. He was a youth of great promise, and his untimely end was deeply lamented.

Victory from the first seemed certain; and even the death of two commanders, and the wearing out by fatigue of a third, seems hardly to have damped them. The Commissioner himself appears to have been endowed with a happy temper, a cheerful way of making the best of things, which nothing could destroy, and a healthy activity which threw upon the excitement and the labours of the siege. Not a doubt ever crossed his mind of the goodness of our cause—of the virtue of "potting" any number of "pandies," or of the impossibility of a rebel being in his own eyes a patriot, fighting for liberty and the true faith. Such doubts, indeed, are altogether of later growth. In the first roar and confusion of the rebellion, with all its horrors real and invented, the conscience of England was drowned. Even at this safe distance it has taken many months to awaken us to a sense of our responsibility for that terrible outbreak, which swept away so many precious lives, and stirred a hatred on both sides which will not easily be laid to rest. Let us not then be too hard upon Mr. Greathed. He was but one of thousands who thought like him, yet were good fathers, tender husbands, faithful friends—men who had little pity towards a foe whose cause may have had more of justice than any English pen could tell—men who struggled hard for England, and died without a doubt.

General Barnard, whose unfamiliar name provoked some sneers in England, stands out in good relief in Mr. Greathed's pages as a good and brave soldier, and a gentleman of so fine a temper as to win the esteem of all. His death is thus recorded.

My fears about poor General Barnard were realised; he never rallied, and life gradually flickered out. He was buried to-day at ten, in the unostentatious way that prevails on service. The rough coffin was placed on a gun-carriage, and followed by a dismounted party of his Lancer escort, who carried it into the graveyard. His son accompanied it, and a number of us came after. We all pitied the poor boy, who struggled manfully with his grief, but his quivering muscles showed the effort. I never saw more affection between father and son, and he tended the poor General with a daughter's tenderness.

The poor General's last words in his dream of death were "Strengthen our right," "evidently," says Mr. Greathed, "thinking we were attacked." His effects were sold the day after his funeral; and so ended his career. The wheel of war turns quickly; week after week was consumed in daily skirmishing without the walls, till the sound of cannon and musketry grew too common to be noticed, and camp life became rather monotonous. Men talked dreamily of home and England. Now and then a little episode of some interest would happen. On July 19 Mr. Greathed says:

A Joan of Arc was made prisoner yesterday; she is said to have shot one of our men and to have fought desperately. She is a "Jehadin," a religious fanatic; and sports a green turban, and was probably thought inspired. She is to be sent prisoner to Umballa.

No more remarkable fact appears in these letters than the ease with which the Commissioner obtained the fullest and most accurate information of the enemy's movements and intentions from his "own correspondents" within the city. These must have been natives, for no European had been knowingly spared. The work, however, was unceasing:

Nobody in camp (says Mr. Greathed) has ever seen such campaigning as they are now going through. Men who had served through all the late Indian campaigns were saying last night, they had never heard the alarm—the signal to turn out—sounded in camp. Here the note is well known, and must have been sounded thirty or forty times. The moment it rings from the bugle, you see our fellows who happen to be away from their own encampments rushing at the top of their speed to their own tents to accoutre themselves. No trace of flagging can be discovered; and they look as unconcerned as if they were going to a common parade. The Punjabees say that any man who escapes this campaign will have become so "pukka," nothing will hurt him.

Notwithstanding this, however, cricket and quoits and "pony racing" went on within the lines. Fights with the "Pandies," that "loathsome race," as Mr. Greathed calls them, interfered but little with their sports. Delhi, in allusion to its defenders and its horrors, was punningly known as "Pandy-monium;" and there was no croaking anywhere in the camp. Occasionally an extraordinary accident to the "Pandies" brightened the spirits of the besiegers, as the letter writer thus records:

As we were returning along the ridge towards the Flagstaff, my attention was directed towards the



city, and I saw a magnificent column of white smoke arise. It shot straight into the air, and then assumed the shape of a mighty mushroom, and slowly floated on. No report was heard, or else it was drowned in the cannonade; but it signalled no less an event than the explosion of the enemy's powder manufactory, which, for safety's sake, was established far away from the range of our shells, on the other side of the city. It ignited by accident, and carried with it into the air some 500 artificers employed in the manufactory, and the stock of sulphur and saltpetre. There was, of course, great cheering from the batteries, though we could not claim the credit of the explosion. The Pandees took it into their heads that "Hakim Absun Oolah," the King's chief adviser, was the contriver of the gunpowder plot, and they at once plundered and gutted his house: so there is a very pretty embroilment. I am glad to have witnessed the sight. It was thought at first, in camp, that our magazine at Hindoo Rao's had blown up. It is the first bit of luck of the kind we have had. I believe the firing since then has been chiefly from our own batteries.

The great struggle arrived at last. An entry was effected, and then came the fighting of several days within the walls. The following extract is dated September 16th:

I went this morning to pay Edward a visit at the Cabul Gate. The road, round under the rampart, is free from all unpleasantness, except defunct Pandees, bullocks, and mules. I found Edward in great force. He is so cool and self-possessed, and has such a power of command, that he is the real commandant of that part of the town, and he is spoken of with much encomium. He is looking brown and thin, and is very hoarse, but he is quite well, and ready for anything. He has extended his occupation to a considerable distance down the canal, and had just got hold of a fine building, called Jung Bahadur's house, quite a palace, which gives the troops a great command, and will facilitate the taking of the Lahore Gate. I was very glad to see him again. I hardly thought I should ever have seen him alive any more. On the 14th I returned and breakfasted at head-quarters, in Skinner's house, and then went with Shute to see the College Garden Battery. It is not so quiet about there, as Selinghur still speaks, and there is a light gun on the causeway which they move about; but it is all noise, for they are obliged to fire high. I got back to camp at eleven, and went to see Wilby. I left him in a tranquil sleep last night, and found him to-day quite cool, and free from pain, and he is doing as well as possible. I sent you a list of the wounded yesterday, by the Bagput Express. I am glad to find Elliot is not badly hurt. His head was grazed. Scott got a touch on the thumb to-day by a spent ball; he attends to his duty. Frith is quite safe; so is Johnson. Tombs was touched on the leg, but did not report himself wounded. The General is a good deal knocked up. He has now made Colonel Seaton Chief of his Staff, and he will be relieved from much detail. He ought to come to camp and get a good night's rest. The gradual occupation of the town contributes much more to its effectual ruin than if it had been taken possession of at one blow. The whole population are being driven out, and they have little chance of seeing their property again. Some old women are found here and there, and are quite kindly treated by the men, and helped out of the place. No instance has yet occurred of any woman being intentionally killed. There is a European shop near the Cabul Gate, into which I went with Edward, and I helped myself to a wine glass to give to Stewart, as I broke his the other day. The men were breaking open the hermetically-sealed cases with their bayonets. You may imagine that the cheeses and bacon did not remain long. There were some chandeliers to which I think I had some right, but I am a poor plunderer. Old "Bryan" is in excellent condition, and I rode him the morning of the storm. I am sure he enjoys the sound of cannon shot.

Two days later the narrative stops—cut short, without a sign, like the lives of so many brave men who went up to those city walls. But Mr. Greathed did not fall by sword or bullet. An attack of cholera, no less sudden, carried him off, we believe, before our troops had taken the palace and the inner fortress. The great Indian rebellion, that had stood so vividly before him through those burning months, which were as years, grew in a moment dim, and faded away: and the chronicler of that memorable siege stood suddenly out of the carnage and the strife, where right and wrong, the just cause and the unjust, are no longer doubtful, and the Englishman and the "Pandy" are as one.

#### THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND.

*Monumenta Franciscana; scilicet, (1) Thomas de Eccleston de Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam; (2) Ade de Marisco Epistola; (3) Registrum Fratrum Minorum Londonie.* Edited by J. S. BREWER, M.A., Professor of English Literature, King's College, London, and Reader at the Rolls. London: Longman and Co. THE HISTORY OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER IN ENGLAND

has yet to be written. The story of their first planting among us, and of the wonderful way in which they took root and long succeeded in holding their ground, has never been told, at least with any attempt at historical accuracy and completeness. A deficiency such as this, especially when we remember the great importance and influence of the Order during the Middle Ages, in England especially, is one which we cannot but feel to be no small reproach to us, and which ought to be remedied. We hope one day to see this work done, and well done.

Meanwhile the learned Professor of English Literature at King's College, whose name is already widely and honourably known in connection with historical studies, has done good service in collecting and arranging in one large volume the most valuable and important documents of this Order; and although his admirable introduction, extending to nearly one hundred pages, can be regarded as nothing more than an outline of the history of the Franciscans, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be the most satisfactory account of them which we as yet possess.

It is not our intention at present to analyse this Introduction (which is itself, indeed, little more than an analysis of the unwritten history of the men of whom it treats), but merely to give two or three extracts from it, and from the MSS. which Mr. Brewer has edited, that our readers may form some idea of the contents of a volume of which it is not too much to say that the library of no historical student is complete without it. And first we will quote Mr. Brewer:

Our volume commences (he says) with the arrival and settlement of the Franciscan, Minorite, or Gray Friars in England, in 1226, two years before the death of their founder, St. Francis, in the ninth year of the reign of Henry III., and of Honorius III., successor to Pope Innocent III.

It was a stirring and important epoch in the history of Europe. When the policy of Innocent III. seemed on the eve of being crowned with success, a new and more potent influence had started up to threaten the fate of Christendom. The genius of the Papacy had provided for all other contingencies; not for this. Slowly had it come to be recognised as the central and supreme authority of the West. The ideal of Gregory VII. had been wrought into a system. Italian policy was playing a successful game in all the courts of Christendom. But a new difficulty had arisen. The Crusades, fostered by the Popes to support the Papacy, had ended, as all violent antagonisms do end, in producing the most opposite results to those which the promoters of the expeditions had intended. . . . Oriental habits, tastes, and sciences, Oriental modes of thought, and with them the moral and physical diseases of the East, were advancing with a fascination and rapidity not easily described. . . . Contemporary with this new influence, gaining life from it, and lending strength to it in return, the mercantile communities (if yet they deserved that name) were rapidly gaining an importance hitherto unknown. . . . The preference given to the country, where the baron was paramount and his will unrestrained, drove from the fields into the town whatever remained unsubdued of the spirit of freedom and energy. In the town the Anglo-Saxon thane or alderman could shut his eyes and his gates upon his oppressor; . . . he felt himself secure behind his walls and ditches from the reach of feudal tyranny. He was in an equal degree secure from ecclesiastical supervision and interference. Monasteries had provided for the spiritual rule and welfare of the country; for the towns there was no such provision. Nor, if there had been, was the inhabitant of the town likely to derive advantage from it.

It was fortunate then, that the efforts to carry Christianity among the masses of the towns proceeded from one who was not an ecclesiastic, and had received no ecclesiastical education. Happily for the objects of his mission, St. Francis had been brought up as a factor for his father, a wealthy merchant. He had early opportunities though his mercantile occupations of coming into contact with the manufacturing population, and his whole life shows, as well as the rule which he gave to his followers, that he understood better than most men (whatever else might be his failings) the true nature of his mission and the character of the people with whom he had to deal. He had to strip Christianity, in the first instance, of the regal robe in which popes and prelates had invested it—to preach it as the Gospel of the poor and the oppressed. It was not to be a trap for men's obedience; it was not to demand a surrender of that independence which the commons of the towns had guarded so jealously and purchased at such costly sacrifices. He caught the poorest in their poverty, the subtle in their subtlety, sending among them preachers as ill clad and as ill fed, but as deep thinkers in all respects as themselves. . . . His followers are to visit the towns two and two, in just so much clothing as the comestest mendicant could purchase. They are to sleep at night under arches or in the porches of desolate and deserted churches,

among idiots, lepers, and outcasts; to beg their bread from door to door; to set an example of piety and submission. . . . And this doctrine of poverty he carried to an excess which would seem fanatical and extravagant if viewed apart from the circumstances of the times and the object he sought to attain.

Such, then, was the state of things in our towns in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and such the method adopted by the far-sighted Francis to resist the flood of evil which seemed threatening to overwhelm the masses of the population throughout Western Christendom. Our space does not permit us to follow Mr. Brewer in his description of the manner of their earliest settlements—of their poor churches and miserable abodes—of the chief house of their Order in England, rising "near the shambles in Newgate," and "on a spot appropriately called Stinking-lane." All this, and the statement of the marvellous manner in which these simple friars always adapted themselves to the circumstances in which they happened to be placed, however difficult or apparently hopeless; as well as the sad story of their gradual corruption—of relaxed and at last forgotten rules—of grand and costly establishments, and baneful and bitter rivalries with their brethren of other Orders, till they were swept off the face of our land as an unholy thing—we must beg our readers to study for themselves in the clear and succinct account given in the present volume, which to abridge would be to destroy.

We now turn to the narrative of Eccleston. It is dedicated to Simon de Euseby, and was "undertaken in the belief that practice is more influential than precept;" as other Orders had wondered to narrate, love and respect for his own Order induced him to publish the accounts which he had collected during five-and-twenty years from his foster fathers and brothers of the English Franciscans. The history commences with the landing of the mission at Dover, on September 11, 1224, and is continued to the year 1250. We will make our quotation from the last chapter, which is devoted to "Anecdotes of the Order:"

Father Mansuetus told a story of how, when he was a boy of about ten years of age, he was informed by the Minorite friars that he should pay special veneration to the Eucharist. In order, therefore, that on Easter-day he might be able to communicate worthily, seeing he was as yet but a little boy, he fasted nearly all Lent. And, lo! when Easter came and all the people were communicating, there came to the Communion a certain most atrociously-behaved and most infamous fellow, whose name was Getius, who, when he had communicated without showing due reverence, at once turned aside and sat upon a bench, and began to chatter with the congregation who were standing, caring no more than if he had a morsel of common bread in his mouth. And, lo! Mansuetus saw the host spring out of his mouth, and, leaping to a considerable distance, fall on the ground. And immediately he went unto the priest, a very venerable man, and told him what he had witnessed; and straightway he ordered him to search for the place where the host fell. And when he searched, he presently found it in that same place, though the people had been passing to and fro over it to the communion for a long time. Thereupon this little boy did reverently receive this same host, as well as all the others which remained consecrated upon the altar, and thereby he received unspeakable confirmation in the faith.

We fear, though it may strip Friar Mansuetus's tale of the romantic, or rather the miraculous, we must be excused for remarking that the expulsion of the host from the mouth of Mr. Getius tends rather to confirm our belief in the shameful old sinner's profanity, than in any supernatural agency inherent in the same.

The value of the second part of the work may be estimated from the fact that it contains no less than two hundred and forty-seven letters, most of them on important matters, written to various persons of note, by Adam de Marisco, the *Doctor Illustris* of the Schoolmen, the intimate friend of such men as Robert Grosstete, Bishop of Lincoln, Simon de Montfort, and Richard Earl of Cornwall.

The third part consists of the Register of the Minorites of London, and contains a great amount of very curious information about the earlier members of the Order, and their buildings in London.

An appendix of sixteen original documents, extending to nearly a hundred pages, is extremely curious and valuable. We extract a portion of a poem in old English, derived from MS. Cotton. Cleop. B. II., and written by some great enemy of friars in the days when, alas! their corrupt practices and, on many occasions, openly shame-

less conduct, gave but too many opportunities for those who desired to expose them to do so:

All wykednes that men can tell  
Regnes ham among;  
Then shal no saule haue rowme in hell,  
Of frers ther is such throng.

Thes frers haunden a dreddful thing,  
That neuer shal come to gode endyng,  
O frer for eight or nyen shal syng,  
For ten or for eileuen.

And when his terme is fully gone,  
Conscience then has he none,  
That he ne dar take of yehone  
Markes sixe or seven.

Tham selle to lyve al on purchase  
Of almes geten fro place to place,  
And for alle that tham holpen has  
Should that prai and syng.

And elsewhere:

Thof he lowr under his hode  
With semblaunt qvante and mylde,  
If you him trust, or dos him gode,  
By God, you ert bygyde.

We cannot close this brief notice without offering our warmest congratulations to Mr. Brewer on the success of his editing. Never (as our readers may judge from the four beautiful fac-similes which accompany this volume), never were more difficult MSS. set before mortal transcribers, short of actual MSS. in cypher or hieroglyphics. The Franciscans were very poor, and parchment was not so cheap in their days as paper is in this; so the head of the Order allowed their writers very little of it. Accordingly they were obliged, in order to "get in" what they had to say, to resort to the use of the most ingenious, and not unfrequently to us utterly unintelligible, contractions. Nor was this all in Mr. Brewer's case. The MS. of Eccleston, in the Chapter House at York, has been so far obliterated by damp, that it looks as if it had been written with weak brandy-and-water instead of ink; and it is difficult to say whether the fac-simile is more noticeable as a specimen of the state of the MS., or of the powers of Messrs. Day and Haghe to imitate what would seem to be inevitable.

We take leave of the *Monumenta Franciscana* by commending it most heartily to the attention of our readers.

#### AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

*The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: Trübner.

THE first great encyclopædia was French, the last will probably be American. The compilation of such a work is a task well suited to the genius of either nation. A fortunate necessity has decreed that an encyclopædia must be lucid and practical; an unfortunate one, that it must be superficial also. In a book intended for habitual and ready reference, profound erudition is out of place. The best arrangement is the alphabetical, the best treatment the light and rapid, the best qualification for the writer an ability to tell a plain tale in plain words. Hence French levity and American superficiality of culture are, in this instance, no very serious objections. Writers of the two nations do not, however, go to work in the same way. The Frenchman's style is agreeable and easy; he arranges his subject with method and communicates his results with clearness; you will know all that he knows. The American is not equally successful in statement, but he knows exactly what ought to be known. Without extraordinary pretensions to elegance, the products of the Transatlantic mind and hand are generally business-like and serviceable.

This praise will apply very well to nearly all the articles in the volume before us, which appear to have been compiled with judgment and diligence from the best sources available. Sometimes they omit what might have been looked for, but more frequently surprise us by a very acceptable minuteness of information. Thus we should hardly have expected to find the small and somewhat dilapidated town of Barnet honoured with an article at all, much less to learn that the compiler not only knows of the column erected in memory of Warwick's last battle, but also that it was erected in 1740 by Sir Jeremy Sambrook—which will, we should think, be news to most of the inhabitants themselves.

The speciality, however, of the Encyclopædia is the amount of strictly American information it contains, which it would be vain to seek in any similar compilation. We cannot, of course, speak with confidence as to the accuracy of this portion of the work; but our experience of the articles

with the subjects of which we are better acquainted does not incline us to regard it as particularly doubtful. Certainly we have lighted on far fewer errors and omissions here than in the supplementary volume of our own "Penny Cyclopædia," which should have been a model. Possibly the new American biographies will not be thought to possess much interest for English readers—we admit the fact, and say it is not creditable to the latter. The interest which Americans take in everything that concerns "the old country" should rebuke our indifference to the new. As a specimen of the quality of the information supplied, we take this interesting account of the Astor Library:

This institution owes its existence to the liberality of John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed 400,000 dollars "for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." By a provision of the will, the government of the library was vested in eleven trustees, in whose keeping were placed all the property and effects of the institution; in them existed all power to invest and expend the funds, and to manage the affairs of the library. The first trustees were named by the testator, and consisted of the following gentlemen: Washington Irving, William B. Astor, Daniel Lord, jr., James G. King, Joseph G. Cogswell, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Henry Brevoort, jr., Samuel B. Ruggles, and Samuel Ward, jr.; also, the mayor of the city of New York, and the chancellor of the state, in respect to their offices. By a subsequent codicil, Charles Astor Bristed, his grandson, was also appointed a trustee. A provision of the will also designated, as the land whereon to erect a suitable building for the purposes of the library, a lot situated upon the east side of Lafayette-place, measuring 65 feet in front by 120 deep. As early as the year 1839 Mr. Astor had purchased a number of volumes, aided by Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, with the ultimate intention expressed in his will. In May, 1848 the trustees of the library met for the first time, and, in accordance with the known desire of Mr. Astor, appointed Mr. Cogswell superintendent, a position which he still occupies. In the autumn of the same year Dr. Cogswell sailed for Europe, authorised to purchase books to the amount of 20,000 dollars. During an absence of four months he collected 20,000 volumes, which were temporarily placed in a building rented for the purpose. A second and third visit by the superintendent increased the number of volumes to 70,000, with which the present building was opened, Jan. 9, 1854. The Astor library is built in the Byzantine style of architecture, richly ornamented with brown stone mouldings, and an imposing entablature. Its dimensions are in accordance with the directions of the will, its height being about 70 feet. The library room is 100 feet in length by 64 in width, and 50 in height; this is reached by a flight of 36 marble steps. The lower rooms are used for the deposit of public documents, for the meeting of the trustees, &c. Since the erection of the building, the number of volumes has increased to nearly 100,000, quite filling the library. These are arranged in classes, that being considered the most convenient and practicable mode. In the selection of the books, the superintendent, upon whom has devolved the whole of this labour and responsibility, has chosen only such works as his experience and knowledge of bibliography taught him would be most useful to a young and growing country. Particular attention has been paid to the department of technology, in which the library is unusually rich. Bibliography has also received a large share of Dr. Cogswell's attention, his own private collection having been early presented to the library. It is designed to render the department of American history as full as possible, as this class of works are daily becoming more and more required by the American public. In linguistics, particularly oriental, the Astor library is unsurpassed by any in this country. The natural sciences are also fully represented, comprising about 7000 volumes, many of them rare and costly. In January 1856, the present building having become filled, and the necessity for more room obviously existing, Mr. William B. Astor, eldest son of the founder of the library, made a donation to the trustees of a piece of land immediately adjacent to the present building, embracing an area 80 feet wide, and 120 feet deep. Mr. Astor also announced his intention of erecting a building similar to the present, and to be adapted to the same purposes. Since that date the building has rapidly advanced toward completion, and will probably be ready for the reception of books some time during the year 1858. The whole edifice, when completed, will be capable of containing 200,000 volumes. The catalogue of the Astor library, which has been in progress ever since it was opened, has been a labour of difficulty, and requiring and receiving the most careful attention. It will comprise, when finished, 8 octavo volumes, numbering upward of 500 pages each, 4 volumes being devoted to an alphabetical index of authors' names, and 4 to a carefully-arranged catalogue of subjects. It will form, when completed, perhaps the most perfect printed library catalogue ever published. The first volume is already printed, and the others are rapidly passing through the press.

We are glad to learn that the plan of the catalogue is so judicious, and trust that the exe-

cution may be found to correspond. It is marvelously easy to blunder, without a fair stock of scholarship and a pretty copious apparatus bibliographicus.

Scholarship, by the way, hardly seems the forte of this compilation. Take the short article on Cælius Aurelianus as an example:—

A native of Sicca, in Numidia, a medical writer of great learning, understanding, and accuracy. With the exception of Octavius Horatianus, who lived in the days of the Emperor Valentinian, he is the only writer of the medical sect called Methodists whose works are extant. His account of the horrible complaint hydrophobia is particularly valuable, coinciding in almost every respect, as to cause, diagnosis, effect, and treatment, with the most approved modern theories and practice, except that he does not advise excision or the use of the actual cautery.

The reader will be amused to learn that, so far from Cælius being undoubtedly a native of Sicca, there is no evidence of his having been a Numidian at all, beyond a certain tinge of Africanism which some have fancied they detected in his style. The omission of any notice of the various opinions entertained respecting his period is also a culpable piece of carelessness. The account of Aristophanes, too, is sadly defective; and, generally speaking, without any prejudice to the essential qualities of compression and clearness, the classical and antiquarian articles might have carried much heavier metal. Perhaps the worst instance of defective knowledge is the ingenious remark of the writer on Assyria that for the history and geography of this empire "we are mainly confined to three sources of information, the Bible, Herodotus, and Ctesias, and those are sufficiently scanty"! Sir Henry Rawlinson will doubtless be sorry to learn that he has lived in vain.

On the whole, however, this is a very good encyclopædia, and one which the exceptional nature of much of the contents will render indispensable to all public libraries. We are glad to observe that the compilers have followed the *Conversations Lexicon* in devoting articles to living men of eminence. There is no reason why these should be omitted: the knowledge they afford is often of the highest importance; and were the chances of error and prejudice allowed to weigh, we ought to renounce the composition of history itself. The following article is an instance of information essential to encyclopædic knowledge, but which ordinary encyclopædias would have withheld.

Arnold, Matthew, son of Thomas Arnold, born Dec. 24, 1822, at Laleham. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford; won the Newdigate prize for English verse by a poem entitled *Cromwell*; in 1845 was chosen Fellow of Oriel College; from 1847-'51 was private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. Having married, Mr. Arnold received an appointment as one of the lay inspectors of schools under the committee of the Council of Education. In 1849 he published, anonymously, a small volume of poems under the title "The Strayed Reveller and other Poems." In 1852 a second volume appeared, "Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems." In 1853 a new volume was issued in his own name, followed by a second series, the two containing such poems in the previous collections as the author wished the public to preserve, along with some fresh pieces. The introduction to the American edition (Boston, 1856) sets forth Mr. Arnold's theory of the poetic art, the peculiarity of which is expressed in a brief extract: "In the sincere endeavour to learn and practise, amid the bewildering confusion of our times, what is sound and true in poetical art, I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance, the only solid footing, among the ancients." Following this principle, the poet carefully selects a theme that is removed by distance from the passing of the present time, and treats it in a calm and elevated style, deeply thoughtful, reflective, and highly finished, not wanting in subdued and tender feeling, but distinguished more for intellectual ripeness and richness, purity of tone, and severity of taste. His cast of mind is contemplative, and he is a thorough scholar in classic and romantic lore. But the descriptive passages in his volume indicate a genial sympathy with nature, and a delicacy of handling that is very rare. On May 5, 1857, Mr. Arnold was elected professor of poetry at the University of Oxford, in the room of the Rev. Thomas Leigh Cloughton, whose term of office had expired. He was opposed by the Rev. John Ernest Bode, also a distinguished member of the university, and, after an unusually spirited contest, was elected by a considerable majority. The office, held for ten years, is one of greater honour than emolument.

We ought to add, that England and the English usually receive very fair treatment at the hands of our encyclopædists. It is no evidence whatever of a bad spirit that the American side of the question should be main-



tained à l'outrance in such affairs as the Bay Islands dispute. We may, of course, anticipate terrible things when the alphabetic path shall have arrived at Bunker's Hill, New Orleans, and the other victories which the cork of national vanity, and the bladders of assiduous puffing, barely preserve from subsiding into the waters of forgetfulness.

#### PLEASURE: A POEM.

*Pleasure: a Poem. In Seven Books. By NICHOLAS MICHELL. London: Tegg and Co.*

THERE are a few thoughtful men (and among them we place Mr. Michell), who go far to preserve the tone which the last illustrious race of poets, who passed away with Wordsworth, gave to minstrelsy. Shelley made it his boast that he lived in a memorable age, and that among his contemporaries were poets and philosophers who surpassed any who had appeared since the last great struggle for civil and religious liberty. That boast can hardly be repeated now, at least so far as poets are concerned. Perhaps it is that the goddess Poetry is a heavy sleeper; that she cannot be roused without a great amount of rough disturbance; and assuredly there has been nothing in our day like the American War, or the daring career of Napoleon. The Indian conflict has not awakened, nor is it likely to awaken, eloquence in our statesmen which shall rival that of Chatham and Burke; and it seemed a necessity, though we have no need here to explain it, that in the radiant track of those statesmen marched a phalanx of brilliant poets. Eloquence had called to eloquence, which answered again, even as Jura was said to have replied to the Alps. Let us hope that grand and glorious poets may soon arise, when, as must soon come, that young but stalwart principle which we call Protestantism shall enter upon a death struggle with the waning but still vindictive power of Papistry; when peoples shall grapple with dynastic frauds and falsehoods, never again to be parted but with victory or defeat. Mr. Michell has preserved the healthy tone of minstrelsy in the sense of being energetic, and more so in being natural, which is, in fact, to adopt a popular style. Whatever tricks the individual may play in the highway of fashion, still in man as an aggregate Nature speaks aloud, and only through nature can a poet reach the universal heart. Mr. Michell brings amazing knowledge and a well-regulated taste to control an eager imagination. That he writes with dispatch the frequent appearance of new poems will show; and yet no one would suppose, from internal evidence, but that he employs the utmost supervision. With the spirit of Byron he combines much of the carefulness of Gray. Every theme he has chosen ends not in a trickling rill of rhythm, but flows widening and deepening like a mighty river. His "Ruins of Many Lands" opened old worlds of beauty only to be made more beautiful by new reflections, and more instructive by chastened contemplation. Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, Pompeii, gave up their treasures; and a discerning public saw at a glance how well historic lore had mingled with poetic faith. Four editions have shown that the judgment of the public was correct. Then as a counterpart came "Spirits of the Past," a natural but ascending passage from man's handiwork to man himself. To our own firesides were brought back heroes and heroines of the dim past, those who by their virtues left a shining track, and those who by their ambition convulsed kingdoms and left as a legacy more tears than blessings. In this Mr. Michell proved himself a portrait painter of the first order. Again, the poet took a very brief time to let his wings grow for a higher flight, and sent forth "The Poetry of Creation." The former themes were expansive, but here the subject may fairly be said to be inexhaustible. It was giving the loose rein to imagination; and what the poet had chiefly to guard against was the temptation to become diffusive or exaggerative. There is really no middle course for such a flight; it must be an ascent into the sublime, or a fall into the bombastic. But Mr. Michell brought a ripe judgment to his task, and came out of it with signal success.

The poem before us—*Pleasure*—is the youngest of Mr. Michell's family. It is a subject which the poet himself declares has "varied sources;" and the same may be said of all the subjects to which we have alluded. It either shows a consciousness of strength or a want of ordinary caution when a poet voluntarily runs the risk of exhausting himself before he can hope to exhaust his subject. Some subjects have a sort of per-

petual youth, and, Cleopatra-like, "custom cannot stale their infinite variety." That Mr. Michell grasps them with a consciousness of strength we have no doubt, and that he is justified in so doing the results will clearly show. *Pleasure* has as many meanings as beauty, and that is a question which has never been settled, and is never likely to be. That pleasure is as much the gratification of the senses as of mind will, in some measure, prepare our readers for the varied contents of the poem. First we are shown the pleasure derived from the survey of natural objects. Out of so many tempting illustrations as the world contains Mr. Michell chooses his own vantage ground, and shows where grandeur and beauty sit enthroned, in such situations as the Andes, the Falls of Niagara, Egypt, the Lakes of Killarney, and the like. Then he passes through divers phases of his subject—painting, music and sculpture, and many others (which we need not mention, but refer our readers to the poem itself)—till he arrives at the obvious conclusion, namely, the pleasure which dwells in the contemplation of immortality. All this may be commonplace in the hands of an ordinary poet; but Mr. Michell starts it into intellectual fullness and life. If there is one feature more than another which divides Mr. Michell from the bulk of his tuneful brethren, it is that his diction combines simplicity and richness. He paints best with words when he teachest deepest by ideas; and it is this happy association which gains him admirers. One source of mental gratification will spring from Mr. Michell's own performance. It may be said of this poem, *Pleasure*, that it will constantly multiply its name, since without a thrill of pleasure nobody can read it. With the gratification of knowing that the poet has climbed another upward stair to fame by the advent of his latest poem, we conclude our agreeable duty by giving a few extracts:

#### RETROSPECTION.

She rose, and, bending forward, listen'd now,  
A shade of thought and sorrow on her brow:  
Borne from afar, in liquid falls and swells,  
She caught the wave-like notes of village bells.  
How alight the thing—a scene, a sound, perchance,  
A name, a flower, will chase lull'd Memory's trance,  
Waft back the soul across the bridge of years,  
And melt hard feeling's ice to warmest tears!  
Those peals that down the glen, with verdure clad,  
Pulsed wildly musical, and sweetly sad,  
Sank in her heart, but brought no soothing balm,  
They seem'd a spirit talking through the calm,  
Whose every word had talismanic power  
To pierce time's tomb, and raise the past dead hour,  
And image to her eyes scenes far away,  
And those she wrong'd, yet loved in earlier day.  
Before her spread a landscape, green and still,  
A reed-roof'd cot white-glancing near a hill,  
With loving woodbine hushing round the door,  
And low-hedg'd garden, with its bloomy store.  
A stream, as loth to leave, mander'd slow,  
Then foam'd and rush'd, to turn a mill below.  
The emerald meadow, thickly pearl'd with sheep,  
The lazy team, the plough's long circling sweep;  
The elms, where rooks built high their noisy town,  
Crag, from whose summits bearded goats looked down;  
All form'd a picture of Arcadian prime,  
Vivid to memory, link'd with happier time;  
Empires might fall, or dynasties might cease,  
Their thunders would not reach that vale of peace.

#### AGE AND FLOWERS.

Stars of the ground, gay daughters of the air,  
That God hath given to make our rude world fair;  
Sole relics of lost Eden, all beside  
To ruin swept by Time's o'erwhelming tide.  
Oh! flowers are seals of rich, diffusive love,  
Impress'd by angel-fingers from above;  
Found in the desert, 'mid the haunts of man,  
Spangling Earth's robe when Nature's youth began;  
And still their task those fingers ne'er forget—  
Bask through countless years, and busy yet;  
Still, by their touch renew'd, bright flow'rets rise,  
Pure, beautiful, and breathing of the skies.  
The patriarch watches, with fond, zealous care,  
His floral beauties drink the nectar'd air;  
To mark their gradual growth—carnations swell,  
The rose-bud blows, to prop the drooping bell;  
Sweet are the tasks which early morn engage,  
And deep their charm for placid, yearning age.  
A life-fringed balm those flower-lips breathe around,  
A something holy sanctifies the ground;  
For do not Nature's vestals worship give  
To Nature's God, who bids their beauties live?  
Rich odours are their thanks, and meekly there  
They lift their brows, or bend their heads in prayer.  
This spell the old man feels; within each breast,  
Though rude the home, high thoughts, fine fancies rest;  
Learning but draws them forth, as friction keen  
Strikes fire from steel that held it, though unseen.

#### THE DYING SEAMAN.

Flowers wreathed the cot, and poplars tower'd on high,  
Where the old sailor laid him down to die.  
Scarr'd, reft of limbs, that patriarch of the wave  
Must find at last a calm and bloodless grave;  
Yet still his heart life's ruling passion warms,  
He talks of nought but booming guns and storms;  
And still he cries—"O! Mine ocean-home for me!  
There let me die—O! take me to the sea!"  
The beach is far, and motion and chill air  
May task too much life's sinking flame to bear:

They place before his couch a tiny bark,  
And long he views that fair-constructed ark;  
His practised eye o'er mast, sail, cordage, runs,  
Till fancy hears his "Dreadnought's" rolling guns.  
He tires—that mimic ship can charm no more;  
Again he cries—"O! bear me to the shore!"

They press unto his ear the spiral shell,  
Where, soft and strange, low ocean-echoes dwell:  
He hears the Sea-nymphs murmur in their caves,  
The long, long dash of distant wailing waves;  
But soon those fancies pass; he feels no spray,  
No freshening breezes 'round his temples play;  
Nought will console him; still his dim eyes weep,  
And still he moans—"O! bear me to the deep!"

#### A CONFLICT.

Turn thy charm'd eye to flame-tipp'd western steeps,  
Along whose brim Day's weary chariot sweeps;  
His horse's hoofs blaze gold; their half-shut eyes  
Shed liquid lustre, mellowing down the skies.  
Or Day seems Life upon the hills of fate,  
Defending hard his gorgeous castle-gate;  
And Night is Death advancing o'er the scene,  
Mournfully stern, and sullenly serene.  
Yet Day lifts high his broad and brazen shield,  
Defying Night's approach, and scorns to yield;  
And as his armour darts the arrowy rays,  
Scies burn above, and hills beneath him blaze:  
Clouds, pressing round, the conflict to behold,  
Glow on his side, and, glowing, turn to gold.  
His fiery splendours, smiles of valour, beam,  
Play on the sloping wood, and mazy stream,  
Light up wild heaths, and gild the hoary tower,  
Quiver on rocks, and warm the orphan flower.  
All Nature drinks the farewell, beauteous light,  
And basks in joy, ere triumph strong-arm'd Night;  
He, in his sable robe, with ebony lance,  
Fights gravely firm, with slow but sure advance;  
Pale shines the moon for pity; one by one,  
The stars come forth, to cheer their monarch on.  
As Day at length sinks conquer'd, sure a sigh  
Breathes from Earth's heart, and trembles through the sky:  
The last faint purple speaks the struggle o'er,  
The disown'd king of waking hours no more;  
And, darkly beautiful, the prince of Night  
Sits girt by stars—his throne the solemn height.

#### A BATCH OF POETS.

*William Limon, a Fragmentary Tale; and other Poems. London: Tweedie.*

*Chiming Trifles: a Collection of Fugitive Compositions in Verse. By an EXONIAN. London: Kent and Co.*

*Ionica. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.*

*Poems. By ADA TREVANIION. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.*

*Poems. By HENRY CECIL. London: Smith, Elder and Co.*

*Verse. By CHARLES BONER. London: Chapman and Hall.*

How much more blissful the world would be if the poets had our experience. There would be considerably less publicity given to indifferent rhyme if every writer knew the extent of his family connections. Between him and the Laureate stands an army of minstrels, brothers all, though given to a little quarrelling now and then, and whose numerical strength is only known to publishers and reviewers. An indifferent writer is generally a very amiable individual. He really believes the world is in need of his poetic fancies, simply because he does not know the smallness of the demand, and least of all the largeness of the supply. Many a writer of this kind gives his guinea to an hospital, or issues a poem through his publisher, with precisely the same feeling. His charitable disposition is touched with the smallest possible love of approbation. He likes to see his guinea set against his name in the secretary's accounts, and he views with becoming pride his name on the title page of his book of poems. In this respect, however, the minstrels are not all alike; for of some we cannot say which is most dominant, their generosity or their humility. It is generally your little miserable giver—the fellow who flings a penny to a poor widow and her six children—who wishes all the street to see the act. Believing this, what must we think of the author of *William Limon*, when with magnanimous resolve he keeps back his name from the public gaze? We have no desire to ascertain that name which the poet has the best possible reason for concealing; but of course his modesty is in exact proportion to the value of his contributions to literature. Why should we insist that a writer should not be private because he is munificent? The author of *William Limon* has given us a poem, and we ought to be contented. That this poem was indispensable is clear, as the following verse will show:

Southey's gone, and the laurel crown is worn  
By a smoother bard, of whom judges say  
His silvery verse shall live till latest morn,  
Or as long as language shall hold its sway.  
This may prove so, and spirits yet unborn,  
May confirm the adage when we are grey;  
But my humble self never through could read him,  
And millions live who do not know or heed him.

We understand the concluding couplet thus : that it was an epochal necessity that *William Limon* should be published for the special benefit of those millions who do not know or heed Alfred Tennyson. This is clearly enough defined; but we confess we do not see the meaning of the line

His silvery verse shall live till latest morn.

What can be the meaning of *latest morn*, unless it is exactly one second before the dinner bell rings? Such little ambiguities have set us musing as to whether the author of *William Limon* is really a great poet. We fancy also that the "Great Unknown" is not very particular about the number of syllables in his lines. He also shows a very proper contempt for accents, and in the exuberance of his strength breaks through rules, as did Shakspeare and Beethoven before him. The author's notion of refinement is different from ours; but of course he knows best.

Adieu awhile to this rustic locality,  
Now upon an abbey we'll have a stroke;  
And we shall refrain from generality,  
Or else we may the fickle muse provoke.  
To architect verse full of vitality,  
The goddess of detail we must invoke,  
But not to excess—it becometh dreary,  
And people with reason say they're weary.

We should like to follow the interesting history of this *William Limon*, only we presume everybody will buy the book—at least the millions who have no taste for Tennyson. This *William Limon* is really a very wonderful man, and a very pleasant companion.

Horses, cows, dogs, sheep, and stubborn asses  
Were his companions from morn till night;  
He had learned the natures of various grasses,  
And he could hold the plough with hands upright;  
He own'd what in youth all else surpasses—  
Aptness to learn—to know was his delight;  
And whatever he saw he clearly understood  
And was always in a most pleasant mood.

He cannot be said to have defied the lightning like Ajax at Evans's—he had a proper sense than that—but he wondered at it, which clearly shows what a marvellous man he was.

When he beheld the vivid lightning's glare  
Shooting along the frowning surcharged sky,  
He wondered because so recently there  
All above was azure and placidity.

He is also a "lucky dog," for he gets an introduction to a live countess, and actually proposes for her daughter. Here the art of the poet is very marked. Before *William Limon* "declares" himself, and that the declaration may come with crushing effect, the poet compels his muse to drop her wing down to the nethermost confines of poetry—we had almost mistaken the passage for prose.

And the Countess being exceedingly cheerful,  
And apparently willing to recall  
Their safe deliverance in that fearful  
Tempest when each expected his downfall.  
He made bold when he perceived her eyes fall  
With tears of thankfulness to tell her all  
His desires of becoming her relation,  
And he thus began his love oration.

The great charm of this poem, *William Limon*, is pictorial grandeur. The poet can rise even to the "crash of worlds," but he shows you that there are useful objects as well as grand ones. He does not countenance the make-believe that a poet feeds on nectar and ambrosia; no, he rather shows you that he has more reliance on Soyer, and that he is a creature with keen appetite and fine digestion. It is quite true that our poets in general outstep the modesty of nature. With them what is commonly seen is commonplace. They are glib enough about the classic waters of Castalia, but pass contemptuously by a duck pond. They dote on the "music of the spheres," but they scorn a poor Savoyard boy with his rude hurdy-gurdy, or an itinerant German band, which may be termed the very *lungs* of music. All this pandering to fashionable taste our author manfully despises. Has he not called his hero plain "William"? It certainly shows genius to invest the vulgar with pictorial grace. If our author had written only the following two lines, we should have pronounced him an uncommon poet:

The potato there in freshness grows,  
The fragrant turnip shakes his glossy head.

Two other books without the names of their authors are *Chiming Trifles* and *Ionica*; but there was no good reason for withholding names as in the last case. The first of these books has an appropriate title, consisting, as it does, of epigrams, charades, parodies, and a few pieces of a somewhat higher character. Variety is the charm of this volume, and we hardly know whether it is sufficient praise to say that the

author is exceedingly clever. His imitations are pointed and faithful, examples of which we have in "The Seven Ages of a Reading Man" and "Town and Gown." There are better things in this volume, such as the "Harvest Home" and "The Skylark." The author does not fly at high game, but his principal aim was to amuse, and he has succeeded; for *Chiming Trifles* will help to drive away the imps of melancholy.

*Ionica* is a book which may make the way to fame comparatively easy for its author, whoever he or she may be. The themes, mostly classical, are grappled with boldness, and toned with a lively imagination. The style is rich and firm, and cannot be said to be an imitation of any known author. One poem will be a foretaste merely of *Ionica*, which we cordially recommend to our readers as a book of real poetry:

#### A DIRGE.

NAIAD, hid beneath the bank  
By the willowy river-side,  
Where Narcissus gently sank,  
Where unmarried Echo died,  
Unto thy serene repose  
Waft the stricken Anterôs.

Where the tranquil swan is borne,  
Imaged in a watery glass,  
Where the sprays of fresh pink thorn  
Scoop to catch the boats that pass,  
Where the earliest orchis grows,  
Bury thou fair Anterôs.

Glide we by, with prow and oar:  
Ripple shadows off the wave,  
And reflected on the shore  
Haply play about the grave.  
Folds of summer-light enclose  
All that once was Anterôs.

On a flickering wave we gaze,  
Not upon his answering eyes:  
Flower and bird we scarce can praise,  
Having lost his sweet replies:  
Cold and mute the river flows  
With our tears for Anterôs.

Ada Trevanion is a minstrel in this sense, that she can write nothing which is harsh and discordant. The highest quality of our lady minstrels has generally been a musical flow. Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Browning, confessedly as minstrels the most thoughtful among their sex, have occasional ruggedness of utterance. They do not care to fritter down a great or grand idea into mere artistic glibness. They are melodious at times, as all women can be; but harmony is their characteristic, the bold thought leaping out into bold language. These poems by Ada Trevanion—quite a poetic name by-the-by—are like the songs of a bird, pleasant fancies trilling with overflowing rapture.

Henry Cecil, as his poems will show, has fed upon stronger food than Ada Trevanion. He shows power in his sonnets, while in his lighter and less restrictive measures the lyric element is dominant. Some of our older poets, in the days when poetry was a rarer article than it is at present, have ascended the slippery steps of fame through the agency of a fancy less vivid and language less appropriate. If Mr. Cecil does not make his name famous, it is not that he does not deserve to do so, but because there are more poets of undoubted talent than there are readers to appreciate them.

We have always thought that Charles Boner is a greater poet in his prose than in his verse. Verse is always restrictive, and for the display of graphic power offers no advantage over prose. Rhyme is a leveller, a tyrant in its way, and he is the best minstrel who can make rhyme appear the least tyrannical. "Chamois Hunting," by Charles Boner, fulfilled its conditions best by being untrammelled by the minstrel's art. Adventure and the freedom of mountain life lose their pith when meted out in syllables of a certain length. Therefore it is that we feel the blood course quicker through our veins when Charles Boner, with his fresh poetic prose, takes us among the mountains of Bavaria. In trusting to the muse Mr. Boner challenges comparison. While his prose work has not been surpassed for novelty and excitement, there are many, very many, poets superior to Mr. Boner. He is a poet, nevertheless, of great vigour. Of human affairs he can write with exquisite tenderness, or rise on the wings of imagination to a higher sphere. He is bold to a fault. He wrote "Cain" where Byron had trod before; and here, in a volume of miscellaneous poems, he has ventured where Keats was great, perhaps greatest. Even with Keats's rapturous poem, "The Nightingale," still lingering in our memory, we cannot but say that Charles Boner comes out of the comparison with wonderful success. This alone should give him a place among our poets.

#### THE DANCE OF DEATH.

*Holbein's Dance of Death*, exhibited in elegant Engravings on wood, with a Dissertation by F. DOUCE, Esq., F.A.S. Also *Holbein's Bible Cuts*, with introduction by T. F. DIBBIN. (Bohn's Illustrated Library.)

THE monarch who, to counteract the effects of this world's vanities, kept a page to repeat to him each morning, "Philip, remember thou art mortal," used an antidote which all serious minds have deemed seasonable and good in one shape or another. Here, in the old common subject of the "Dance of Death," is the remedy which painters, designers, and printers found popular in the middle ages, and which has been for 300 years a book of common celebrity throughout Europe. It is the power and inevitable visitation of "Old King Death" that forms the subject of these cuts, and of which all similar representations have been termed "The Dance of Death." The theme has been treated by artists in every conceivable way, even until the present age; but the series of designs known as Holbein's have excelled all in their common acceptance by the people, as the most graphic and forcible of its kind. The reproduction of the subject from the original engravings, as a volume of the "Illustrated Library" series of this publisher, is as acceptable as it is creditable to his liberal spirit.

The engravings of the designs reproduced by Messrs. Bonnor and Byfield are perfect facsimiles of the originals, and rare examples, for this day, of conscientious wood engraving. As to the character of the designs, they are in humour, vigour, and force most wonderful, and every one of the fifty presents most interesting examples of the costume of each order and class in the society of the time, from the king and prelate to the soldier, mechanic, and pauper. Commendable for their qualities as art works, and for their power of telling the story intended to be depicted, they are still more amusing and curious as memorandums of the manners and every-day incidents of the sixteenth century. In these respects each is of equal merit with the rest; and there is no conceivable phase of the subject wanting, as they commence with cuts of the creation of Eve, the temptation and the expulsion, and, after scenes from all the occupations and pleasures of man, end with the day of judgment.

Around a subject so ancient and so universally popular a deal of tradition, poetry, legend, and modern error has of course grown; and to clear up its origin, illustrate the ideas formerly entertained respecting it, set forth its history and romance, and determine the authorship of this particular set of designs, Mr. Douce has furnished an elaborate and learned essay, in which he proves, to our satisfaction at least, that the great artist Holbein, although the painter of a certain "Dance of Death" on the walls of Henry the Eighth's palace at Whitehall, was not the designer of these cuts, which were published originally at Lyons; and more, that they were the works of Hans Lutzenberger, a designer of wood engravings employed by the French and Swiss booksellers of that day. Another example of the injustice frequently done to artists of the highest talent, by the greater reputation and fame of one who, having been more written of, has in name been better known.

The history of the general subject of the Dance, and of these cuts in particular, by Mr. Douce, is lucid and complete, containing much that is illustrative of other subjects, as old religious and popular customs, the business of printing books, and the position of artists at the period. It comprises a description of all the representation and works on the subject, and, copious as it is, will not be found tedious or in any part uninteresting.

In the course of his remarks on the painting at Whitehall there occurs this epitomised life of Holbein:

The lives of Holbein that we possess are uniformly defective in chronological arrangement. There seems to be a doubt whether the Earl of Arundel recommended him to visit England; but certain it is that in the year 1526 he came to London with a letter of that date addressed by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, accompanied with his portrait, with which More was so well satisfied that he retained him at his house at Chelsea upwards of two years, until Henry VIII., from admiration of his works, appointed him his painter, with apartments at Whitehall. In 1529 he visited Basle, but returned to England in 1530. In 1535 he drew the portrait of his friend Nicholas Bourbon or Bourbonius at London, probably the before-mentioned crayon drawing at Buckingham House, or some duplicate of it. In 1538 he painted



the portrait of Sir Richard Southwell, a privy councillor to Henry VIII., which was afterwards in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. About this time the magistrates of the city of Basle settled an annuity on him, but conditionally that he should return in two years to his native place and family, with which terms he certainly did not comply, preferring to remain in England. In the last-mentioned year he was sent by the King into Burgundy to paint the portrait of the Duchess of Milan, and in 1539 to Germany to paint that of Anne of Cleves. In some household accounts of Henry VIII. there are payments to him in 1538, 1539, 1540, and 1541, on account of his salary, which appears to have been thirty pounds per annum. From this time little more is recorded of him till 1553, when he painted Queen Mary's portrait, and shortly afterwards died of the plague in London in 1554.

The latter part of the volume contains the series of cuts from an illustrated Bible of the same period; and these are more probably by Holbein than the "Dance of Death," and are believed to have been designed by him in his early life at Basle. They are at least simple, quaint, and faithful illustrations in a middle-age fashion of the texts appended to them in five languages.

A child would learn from their bold character, their broadly-rendered effect, and full accessories and details, the nature of the story each depicts. Those relating to Moses, Saul, David, and Job particularly interest us by these qualities, whilst in several a battle, a camp, a town, or a mob, brings before our eyes the actual drama of life in the period of the artist. Some faces and attitudes, as well as the motives of the figures, are nervous and spirited.

We can promise lovers of the vigorous and natural in art a great relish and enjoyment in these woodcuts, and, to those who can suffer a little antiquarian lore to mingle with otherwise instructive reading, a good book for a winter Sunday which will be worth its little cost for after reference.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*L'Allegro.* By JOHN MILTON. London: Sampson Low, Son and Co. 1859.

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray.* Sampson Low, Son and Co.

OUR readers will remember a time when the pine-apple was a luxury confined to the tables of the aristocratic and rich, or sometimes even a hired adornment for the table. Pines are now for the million, and so it is happily becoming with both literature and illustrative art. Cheap reproductions in the former, and inexpensive renderings in the latter (as in the artistic embellishments adorning the work before us), place within reach of the many mental and artistic luxuries to instruct and gratify. The various designs incorporated with this beautiful edition of *L'Allegro* are by the members of the Etching Club; and when we enumerate Cope, Creswick, Taylor, Horsley, and Redgrave as amongst its members, the celebrity of the names is a sufficient guarantee for a large amount of excellence.

We were disposed at first to regret that a comparatively inexpensive edition of these very admirable illustrations could not have been issued in the same form as the originals (namely, as etchings) by the artists who designed them, to whom every touch would then belong; for the original edition was of so conservative a form, owing to but a very limited number of impressions being taken from the plates, that, like the pines of yore, they were only for the possession of the chosen few. Our regrets, however, vanish when we compare the woodcuts in the little work before us with the originals by the Etching Club; for so cleverly has Mr. Linton performed his task as a wood engraver, that the entire spirit and feeling of the etchings is most faithfully preserved; and as wood-blocks will yield almost an infinite number of good impressions, the purchasers of this work are insured (to pursue the metaphor), though not real pines, yet fruit possessing so entirely their true flavour as to satisfy the most fastidious palate.

With the poem itself we have at this moment nothing to do in the way of criticism—the wide world has sealed it with its largest approbation; but we must add our commendation to the perfect typography and getting up of this edition, which does great credit to the printer, binder, and publisher.

With regard to the edition of Gray, we may say that the sum of this poet's fame is rounded off in this little book! We wish earnestly 'twere larger, and, to paraphrase the bard's own words,

we "wish the more because we wish in vain." Like the work just noticed, this is, from its illustrative character, calculated to please and gratify all readers of the poems. The whole of the large illustrations, eight in number, are from the fertile pencil of Mr. Birket Foster, together with sixty-six quaintly-conceived and admirably-executed ornamental head and tail pieces, by Mr. W. Harry Rogers. We know of no two gentlemen better qualified for the task than these artists—the one possessing so pure a feeling for pastoral and epic scenery, and the other with so just a knowledge and aptitude for the use of ornamental quaintness. Where each illustration is so excellent, we find a difficulty in selecting. We will only, then, notice the distant view of Eton College, where daylight and distance are so charmingly rendered: the mastery which the engraver has attained over his material is here most manifest, inasmuch as he has produced a delicacy and air in the sky and distance which it would be difficult to surpass. Mr. Rogers's last illustration is an exquisite epigram delicately rendered.

Messrs. Palmer, Wimperis, and Evans have honourably maintained and proved their manipulative skill as wood engravers.

Either as presents for the approaching Christmas, or as elegant adjuncts to the library or drawing-room table, these books will be very welcome. The type, paper, binding, and general getting up are of the best, and the combined result will satisfy the most fastidious tastes.

*The Headlong Career and Woful Ending of Precocious Piggy.* By the late THOMAS HOOD. Illustrated by his Son (London: Griffith and Farran).—This rhymed narration of the adventures of *Precocious Piggy* was written by the late Thomas Hood, for the amusement of the inmates of his own nursery; and in the agreeable form which it has now assumed through the labours of the poet's son and of Messrs. Griffith and Farran, we have no doubt that it will contribute to the entertainment of many another nursery in ease and in posse. In *Precocious Piggy*, his career and untimely fate, may be read the stern lesson of life to many an ambitious youth, who, sick of the restraint of parents and home, determines to "see the world," and partake of its delusive enjoyments.

Where are you going to, you little pig?  
"I'm leaving my mother, I'm growing so big!"  
So big, young pig,  
So young, so big!

What, leaving your mother, you foolish young pig!

Piggy, however, is not to be deterred by good advice, but straightway sallies forth upon his adventures. With an eccentricity of choice, which may perhaps be accounted for by his porcine propensities, he first of all betakes himself to landscape gardening; this fancy, however, is of but short duration, for he very soon sets up a gig, takes to tandem driving and the pleasures of the chase; drinking, dancing, running rigs, and going to masquerades follow in their order, until, alas! unhappy fate! presently comes destiny in the form of the butcher, and puts an end to poor Piggy's career of selfishness and sensuality.

Where are you going to, you little pig?  
"The butcher is coming, I've grown so big!"  
The butcher! Poor pig,  
Are you grown so big?  
Well, I think it high time that you hop the twig.

The illustrations, from the pencil of Thomas Hood's son, have really very great merit; for they are intensely humorous, and very suggestive of the moral of the story. The appearance of Piggy himself through the various stages of his career is very admirably preserved; and the minor illustrations, which allegorically typify the dangers and temptations which beset him, from the callow nestling falling into the jaws of the attentive cat, and the spider weaving her snares for the unthinking fly, down to the suggestive group composed of a butcher's keen knife, string of sausages, ham, and carcass of poor Piggy, form a very agreeable commentary upon the whole story. In a few prefatory lines, written by Mrs. Broderip (Hood's daughter), we are told that both she and her brother feel that they are fulfilling what would have been their father's own wish, in giving to another generation of little girls and boys the veritable history of Piggy's chequered career; but whether Hood did or did not intend them to be published, we are quite sure that many little readers will receive it with the warmest welcome.

*Scenes of Animal Character, from Nature and Recollection.* By J. B. (London: Griffith and Farran).—This is a kind of scrap-book, filled with original sketches humorously illustrating the habits of animals. They are drawn with considerable vigour, and with great fidelity to nature. Among the best we notice the party of five brown bears dining, the contented expression of that which represents reptiles being especially happy. The polar bear and its young is also very happy; and the group of the lion and lioness may be studied by Sir Edwin Landseer before he puts the finishing touch to his models for the Trafalgar-

square lions. In the latter part of the book are some humorous sketches, *de omnibus rebus*; and without exactly perceiving the purpose of the volume, or being precisely able to determine whether it be intended for children or for grown persons, we can only say that it is clever enough to repay a more careful and critical examination than is generally accorded to mere nursery books.

*Favourite Pleasure Books for Young People.* Illustrated with One Hundred Pictures by JOHN ABSOLON, EDWARD WEHNERT, and HARRISON WEIR. Printed in colours. (London: Sampson Low and Co.)—A very pretty and seasonable collection of our old favourites—"The House that Jack Built," "Little Bo-Peep," "Old Mother Hubbard," and the like—plentifully and graphically illustrated by the facile pencils of Messrs. Harrison Weir, Absolon, and Wehnert, and printed in colours from wood-blocks in a manner which fully justifies the assertion of the publishers, that "by no other means could such well-coloured pictures be produced at such a moderate price." We must confess that we have not lost our fondness for these lyrics of the nursery, and maintain, indeed, that it would not be difficult to show that there is an art in the simplicity of their construction, and a moral to be drawn which exercises an important influence in forming the plastic minds and training the affections of children. Who shall say, for instance, how much of a child's natural love for the feathered tribe has been promoted by reading the pleasant fiction based upon the loves of Jenny Wren and Cock Robin? Or how far a child's natural disposition towards cruelty—for, as La Fontaine says,

A cet age tout est cruel—

has not been turned into kindness for the feline species by the charming little ballad of "I like little Pussy"? These, however, are speculations into which we would rather enter fully or not at all, and for the present we must confine ourselves to a general but full recommendation of this charming addition to nursery literature. Of the illustrations, those which Mr. Weir has furnished for the well-known story of "Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog" are decidedly the most careful and the most humorous.

*The Triumphs of Steam; or, Stories from the Lives of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson.* By the Author of "Might not Right," &c. With Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. (London: Griffith and Farran).—This is rather a compilation than an original work, for most of the anecdotes given are collected from existing biographies of the great masters of the Steam. The authoress, however, claims to have collected some original stories from friends of Stephenson, and from Mr. Robert Stephenson, whose ready and cordial assistance she cannot too gratefully acknowledge. As a record of what may be achieved by industry, intelligence, and perseverance, this little volume is very fit to be put into the hands of boys who require the incentive of ambition to tempt them on. It is, besides, sufficiently well got up for a prize book, and the illustrations by John Gilbert are excellent and appropriate.

*The War Tiger; or Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea Chief and his lad Chow: a Tale of the Conquest of China.* By WILLIAM DALTON. With Illustrations by H. S. MELVILLE. (London: Griffith and Farran).—This is another prize book, and likely to be a very favourite one with boys who are fond of dreaming of strange adventures in foreign lands. Encouraged by the merited success of his last production, "The Wolf-Boy of China," Mr. Dalton has again selected that little-known land for the scene of his stirring narrative. The hero of the story is Nicholas, the son of a great merchant, who stands unjustly impeached before the Emperor Wey-tong, the last of the Ming dynasty, for piracy. Partly for the purpose of clearing his father's character, and partly to disclose the details of a plot which he has discovered, Nicholas undertakes the almost impossible task of penetrating to the imperial presence—the Emperor, giving way to his fears, having so surrounded himself with guards and courtiers as to render all approach to him difficult, excepting through the medium of Li-Kong, the favourite minister, but really a conspirator. In this dangerous enterprise Nicholas (whose Christian name is accounted for by making him a Christian) is accompanied by the lad Chow, whom he has picked up at sea in a very extraordinary manner. During their journey they meet, with many hair-breadth escapes, being taken prisoners upon several occasions, and escaping by means little short of miraculous. At length, however, they penetrate to the imperial presence, Nicholas having the good fortune, after penetrating into the gardens of the palace, to save the life of the beautiful daughter of Wey-te-sung, menaced by a savage ouran-outan which had got loose. To gain an audience of the monarch, and unmask the traitor Li-King, becomes now an easy task to such a hero; but that chief, disgraced and fallen, is thereby hurried into rebellion, and the life of Wey-tong is the penalty for his weak and wicked reign. Nicholas has another opportunity for saving the life of the Princess and of distinguishing himself in arms against the rebels. The sequel of all this is not difficult to guess so far as the union of Nicholas with the Princess is concerned; but an unexpected fact in the *dénouement* is that Nicholas and his wife are crowned King and Queen

of Formosa. It is scarcely to be expected that a story so evidently drawn from the imagination should contain much reliable information about the interior condition of China; but it is undeniable that Mr. Dalton has contrived to give a very fair and certainly very interesting picture of Chinese manners. The story is written in a very elegant and spirited style, the illustrations are good, and the binding handsome; altogether, as we have before intimated, a very fit prize book for adventurous boys.

*Lott-ery.* By MRS. JONES OF PANTGLAS. (London: G. Routledge and Co.)—To pen any elaborate condemnation upon this small production would be as absurd as to bring cannon against cobwebs; yet we cannot forbear recording our conviction that the authoress will do better to rely upon her fame as a hospitable and fashionable entertainer, than to seek for honours in the field of literature. Those will be doing Mrs. Jones of Pantglas a very important service, who convince her (if they can) that this tale not only does not exhibit the slightest symptom of ability in this kind, but that it proves the most hopeless deficiency of everything necessary to the successful writing of fictions. Here is evidently not the slightest knowledge of human nature, as it really exists; nor any acquaintance with the world, except that which may be cultivated in the ball rooms of Belgravia or through the windows of a comfortable carriage. Mrs. Jones knows about as much of her fellows as that French princess, who asked in time of famine why the people who could not get bread did not content themselves with cake. This is not her fault perhaps, but very much her misfortune; yet why write? Or, if the *cacothetes scribendi* be too irritating to be borne, why not print "for private circulation" only?

*The Christmas Tree: a Book of Instruction and Amusement for all Young People.* With numerous illustrations. (London: James Blackwood.)—The author of this miscellany, who signs himself G. V. P., has issued three similar volumes at the close of the last three years, so that the present is the fourth of the series. To those who are already acquainted with the nature of these collections we need hardly recommend that which is before us; but for the sake of those who hear of the series for the first time, it may be necessary to explain that this volume is made up of a great variety of compositions, both in prose and verse, upon a great variety of subjects—Christmas games, Australian travel, lion-hunting, China, interspersed with pieces of sentimental poetry. Such are the component parts of a very agreeable *olla podrida*. The illustrations are, for the most part, well drawn and fairly engraved; but we cannot help thinking that they would have been better had they been left uncoloured, the colours being occasionally offensively brilliant and inappropriate. Notwithstanding this slight drawback, we have no doubt that it will prove a very acceptable present to the young.

*Shakespeare fresh Chiselled on Stone.* By J. V. BARRET (London: Dean and Son.)—We cannot say much for either the taste or the execution of this volume. Although we are not among those who venerate Shakespeare to the extent of refusing to allow the slightest attempt at burlesquing him, we hold it to be a necessity that such a burlesque, to be pardonable, should be excused by wit—not a scintilla of which is apparently possessed by Mr. J. V. Barret. He has simply vulgarised his subjects, and has attempted to render the immortal bard ridiculous simply by spattering him with mad. What fun, for example, is there in illustrating the line from "Romeo and Juliet,"

"A dog of the House of Montague moves me,"

by portraying a lad running away from a ladies' academy, called Montague House, with a dog yelping at his heels? Such an attempt at jocularitv is deplorable, and makes us marvel how any man could be so infatuated as to suppose that it can redound in any way to his credit to publish such folly to the world.

*Martin Rattler; or, a Boy's Adventures in the Forests of Brazil.* By ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE. (London: T. Nelson and Sons.)—This is another of those stories of travel and adventure which have gained for Mr. Ballantyne a reputation among juvenile readers, scarcely second to that of Captain Mayne Reid. The readers of "Ungava," "The Coral Island," "A Tale of Esquimaux Land," "The Young Fur Traders," &c., will scarcely need a recommendation for a new volume by Mr. Ballantyne. Martin Rattler is a boy with an adventurous spirit, who goes to sea, and after escaping pirates and suffering shipwreck is lost upon the coast of Brazil, and in the company of Barney O'Flannagan, a humorous Irishman, enjoys a series of adventures amid the forests of Brazil. Alligators, apes, jaguars, anacondas, and a thousand other luxuries of forest life, make up the staple of the story, which winds up with bringing Martin home again to Old England safe and well, to be the prop of his aunt in her old age. The volume is nicely illustrated with wood engravings, and is bound in a style fit for a Christmas present.

*Le Conteur; or, The Story-Teller.* By H. TARVER. (London: Longmans.)—This is neither more nor less than a very excellent and useful French reading book, compiled for the use of classes, by Mr. Tarver, the French master at Eton college. It consists of a

selection of tales and plays, interspersed with a few pages of correspondence for the use of learners, collected from the works of contemporary French authors.

*Stanford's Maps of the Paths of Comets.* Drawn by JAMES BREEN, of the Cambridge University. (London: Edward Stanford.)—These very useful and well-drawn maps display the paths of all the comets that have been visible to the naked eye since 1800; together with the paths of Halley's, Biela's, Brorsen's, Encke's, and Faye's comets of short period. The paths are traced upon maps of the stars, in six sheets, on the Gnomonic projection, originally designed and arranged by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., and published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

We have also received a new edition of *The School for Fathers*, by Talbot Gwynne, added by Smith, Elder, and Co. to their cheap series of novels.—*The Gordian Knot*, No. IX. By Shirley Brooks. (Bentley.)—Parts XIII and XIV. of *The Comprehensive History of England* (Blackie and Son), and Nos. VII, VIII, XI, X. of *A Comprehensive History of India* (Blackie and Son).—*The Wild Flowers of England*. By the Rev. Richard Tyas. No. VII. (Houlston and Wright).—*Memorandum for reorganising the Indian Army*. By Col. A. Henry E. Boleau. (Smith, Elder and Co.)—*The New Zealand Handbook, or Emigrants' Bradshaw*. (E. Stanford.)—*The War of Parties, or England and the Two Factions*. By Another Junius. (G. W. Jordan.)—*Graham's Illustrated Magazine*. (Philadelphia: Watson and Co.)—*The Angel over the Right Shoulder*. By the Author of "Sunnyside." (Sampson Low, Son, and Co.)—*The Boy Missionary*. (Sampson Low, Son, and Co.)—*A Lady's Captivity among Chinese Pirates*. Translated from the French of Mademoiselle Fanny Loiro, by Amelia B. Edwards. (Geo. Routledge and Co.)—*A Letter to the Public*. By John Carden, Esq., of Barnane (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.); being that gentleman's statement of his case in the matter of the attempted abduction of Miss Arbuthnot.—*Opinion of the Bishop of St. Andrew's on the Appeal of the Rev. P. Cheyne*. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons).—*The Heavens a Witness for God: a Sermon suggested by the Comet of 1858*. By B.A., Oxon. (Wertheim, Mackintosh, and Hunt).—*The Moral Force of Teetotalism: Illustrated in the Life of William Morris*. By Thomas Machin. (Tweedie).—*The Institute: and Record of Literary and Scientific Societies*, No. I. (London: Partridge and Co.)—*The Irish Literary Gazette*, No. 49. (Dublin: Chamney and Co.)

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A letter from Mr. Sheridan Knowles gives the following account illustrative of the benevolence of Mr. Charles Dickens:—"Poor Haydn, the author of the 'Dictionary of Dates' and 'The Book of Dignities' (I believe I am right in the titles) was working, to my knowledge, under the pressure of extreme destitution, aggravated by wretchedly bad health, and a heart slowly breaking through efforts indefatigable, but vain, to support in common comfort a wife and young family. I could not afford him at the moment any material relief, and I wrote to Charles Dickens, stating his miserable case. My letter was no sooner received than it was answered; and how? By a visit to his suffering brother, and not of condolence only, but of assistance—rescue! Charles Dickens offered his purse to poor Haydn, and subsequently brought his case before the Literary Society, and so appealingly as to produce an immediate supply of 60*l*. I need not say another word. I need not remark that such benevolence is not likely to occur solitarily. The fact I communicate I learned from poor Haydn himself. Dickens never breathed a word to me about it."

The funeral of Robert Owen took place on Monday, at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, and was to some extent a public one. All business was suspended, shops closed, and a great concourse of people assembled, many following the procession. The cortege was headed by three benefit societies of the town, clergy, gentlemen of the medical profession, magistrate, old inhabitants, gentlemen, and manufacturers of the town and neighbourhood, and two surviving schoolfellows and playfellows of the aged man, who followed the remains of their old companion with tottering steps. One of Mr. Owen's schoolfellows has expired in Newtown since the death of Mr. Owen. The mourners were Messrs. Robert Dale Owen, W. Fare, Col. H. Clinton, Thos. Allsopp, Geo. J. Holyoake, H. Law, Pryce Jones, G. Owen Davies, William Cox, W. H. Ashurst, Robert Cooper, Edward Truelove, William Jones, and George Goodwin. To these succeeded the literary executors, friends, twelve infant school children, inhabitants generally, &c. The cortege went first to St. David's Church, where the Rev. John Edwards read the service in the church and at the grave. The procession next went to St. Mary's Church, an old edifice of the tenth century, in ruins. No addresses were delivered. The inscription on the coffin plate was, "Robert Owen, of New Lanark, born in Newtown, May 15, 1771. Died in Newtown, November 17, 1858."



## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

THE event of the week has been the trial of the Count de Montalembert for his article in the *Correspondant*, a Catholic periodical, on the 25th October last, having for title "*Un débat sur l'Inde au Parlement anglais*." The case was called for the 17th of the present month; but, as M. Berryer, the advocate for Montalembert, could not then attend, the case, not without a demur, was adjourned to yesterday the 24th. There was no great stir about the neighbourhood of the court—a demonstration is scarcely practicable. A bearded gendarme demanded of all who wished to ascend to the court, "What do you want?" If you were timid, you had to turn tail and walk into one of the civil courts of the Palais de Justice. Most of your readers must by this time know the result of the trial. M. de Montalembert is condemned to be imprisoned for six months and to pay a fine of 3000 francs, and the editor of the *Correspondant*, Douniol, to be imprisoned for one month, and to pay a fine of 1000 fr. The crime of M. de Montalembert is for having written an article wherein he contrasts the institutions of France with those of a country in alliance with France. He has compared the institutions of England with those of France, and because he finds good in the constitution of the former country, he is held to have written depreciatingly of his own country—he has endeavoured to lavish ironical illusions and insult on the political laws, men, and arts of the French Government. He is accused of exciting the French Government to hatred and contempt; of attacking the principle of universal suffrage and the rights of authority which the head of the State possesses from the Constitution; of the offence of attacking the respect due to the laws, and the inviolability of the rights consecrated by them. The peccant parts of the article are cited under each category. There was a fourth indictment, from which the accused has escaped: "The writer may not have desired to direct animosity against the present Government, but he has spoken imprudently. He may not have desired citizen to array himself against citizen, or the citizen to oppose himself to the Government. We give him the benefit of the doubt. He is acquitted of evil intentions." Behind lies the unexpressed opinion: "But we believe him, notwithstanding, to be a dangerous man." Say I to my neighbour, "What think ye of all this?" He (my neighbour) shrugs his shoulders. "I meddle not," he says, "in these matters." "Better direct your attention to the study of the Japanese," says another. "Have you actions in the Suez Canal?" inquires a third. "Brandies are getting up," says the merchant. "The wind is easterly," says a canny quidnunc. Dig twenty feet in Australia, and you may discover a nugget of size sufficient to reward your toils; dig here, and you may discover the brass farthing of public opinion. Public opinion is gone, or it is dead, or it is hybernating. It lodges with the snake in the bush, or with the hedgehog under the bank. The French people have lost all their proper manliness. All that is now left for them is to tax the bill of the restaurant. As regards M. de Montalembert, there seems to be a divided opinion, so far as I can make out. He is not accepted as a democrat or as an aristocrat. He is too Catholic for the Catholics, too Jesuit for the Jesuit; and he disappoints both. He is not a Papist, and his Catholicism is not Papistical. He desires the glory of his Church, but that glory shall not be at the expense of the Gallican Church. He would drive certain men into a corner. He desires liberty, but a liberty which shall be according to his rules. He likes education, popular education; but it must be according to the Jesuit rules. He is a Liberal, a Catholic, and a Jesuit. Here are incompatibilities for the man of the world. These are subjects we cannot ventilate as times are. It is safe to think; but it is dangerous to think aloud.

As to Montalembert, it is written that he was born in London in 1810. His mother was English or Scottish. At all events, he bears the name of Charles Forbes—names both Jacobinical enough. His mother, so says the records, was a disciplinarian of the old school, who, with thwacks and cuffs, gave him memory. Montalembert, we shall suppose, was neither the better nor the

worse for maternal *spanks*. To his mother, however, may be due an inkling of love for old England and her institutions. Here this feeling is called *Anglo-mania*. You cannot speak or write of England favourably without being called an Anglo-maniac. His father is said to have held employment in the British army in Spain. If so, this must have been when the French refugees of the old noblesse were allowed to do something for a living. Times changed, Bonaparte was in exile. The Bourbons were recalled, and we find the father of Charles Forbes the Ambassador of Charles X. at Stockholm. M. Marc-René-Aimé-Marie de Montalembert, formerly colonel under Louis XVIII., before then Minister at Stuttgart, peer of France, was now a great man at a Northern court. He was a fine old man, descended from an old family of Poitou, of which one member, André Count of Este, distinguished himself under the reigns of Louis XII. and Francis I. The father gave himself great airs in the Upper Chamber. He was the Boissy of his day without his ideas. He endeavoured to carry the notions of English oratory into the French tribune. He might as well have imported Cicero or Demosthenes. The sires of the Count who has just been prosecuted fought with the sword. The Count has fought with his tongue and his pen. Catholicism is his battle horse. He has no common cause with the *Papists of the Univers*. He made his public appearance at an early age. It was not long before he was allied with a special school of France—that of the alliance of Catholicism and Democracy. With Lamennais he was engaged on the *Avenir*. A crusade against the University commencing at the time, he opened a school called *l'école libre*, along with M. de Coux and Lacordaire, which brought the whole before the correctional police. During the process his father died. He became a peer of France, and claimed the jurisdiction of the court in his favour. He was, nevertheless, fined 100 francs. His speech in his own defence pronounced before this tribunal may be considered his political *début*. The condemnation of Lamennais by the Court of Rome led M. de Montalembert to the severest orthodoxy. His famous *Elizabeth de Hongrie* may be regarded as a manifesto of his theological faith. Montalembert, as a whole, must be considered as a polemic. He is a Catholic, but not an austere Catholic; a Jesuit, but a Jesuit with redeeming qualities. He is a citizen, and does not desire to disserve the citizen from the world. He has written much, and his writings are on the side of freedom. His notions are not our notions. He fluctuates between absolutism and freedom. He has enjoyed the good opinion of his countrymen. He has been a deputy. But he belongs to his order. He hates democracy, and he loves it; but his love is towards the democracy of his own theory. Powerful as a writer, brilliant as an orator, it may still be doubted whether he commands popular sympathy.

The Count de Montalembert was associated with Lacordaire on *L'Avenir*. This paper was devoted to Catholicism and Republicanism. To the English mind these doctrines are antipodal; but they are not so to the minds of those who belong to the school of the Count. His mind is steeped in the mind of the middle ages. He would have aristocratic rule and radical obedience; a pure Church and a devoted band of worshippers. For France this is now impossible. He is a Liberal; but his notions of liberty are not suitable to any latitude of England. "We are the sons of the Crusaders," he exclaims in one of his speeches, "and we shall not fall back before the sons of Voltaire." He champions Faith against Rationalism. He had services celebrated for O'Connell; he spoke in favour of Poland; he founded the Committee of the Religious Society in favour of the Sonderbund. He is a Radical. He founded the *Correspondant*—the peccant journal—and has written much in its pages. He commands our sympathies in many directions, and yet we cannot accept him exactly as "one of ours." It is thought that the Emperor, having taken up the gauntlet, and having overcome the chief of the old noblesse, will spare the Count the ignominy of imprisonment. But we cannot tell.

## DR. KRAPF'S AFRICAN TRAVELS.

*Reisen in Ost-Afrika, &c.* (Travels in Eastern Africa, in the years 1837-55. By J. L. KRAPF, Phil. Dr., formerly Missionary in Abyssinia and the regions of the Equator.) 2 vols. Stuttgart: W. Stroh; London: Trübner and Co. 1858.

DR. KRAPF informs us in his preface that the chief outward impulse to the publication of this bulky work was given by the appearance in the spring of 1857 of an outline of Dr. Livingstone's missionary travels and discoveries in Southern Africa. He hopes that his own work may be found "an appendix to, and completion of," Dr. Livingstone's celebrated book. Yet the secular triumphs of the famous British missionary seem to have created a certain soreness in the mind of the worthy, pious, laborious, and disinterested German. He hints a fear that Dr. Livingstone's second expedition may not repay the promise of his first, and that what he calls "the exaggerated honours" showered on our countryman when the latter returned to Europe were perhaps the work of ever-mischievous Satan. Dr. Krapf need not be afraid of being the object of a similar persecution on the part of the great enemy of mankind. His useful labours have not the brilliancy of Dr. Livingstone's, and his thousand pages are very tough reading. Yet Dr. Krapf has great claims on the attention both of the religious and the secular public. He calculates that his journeys in Eastern Africa extended over 3000 leagues, mostly performed on foot, while Dr. Livingstone could, he tells us, generally avail himself of the transport services of oxen. The localities too which Dr. Krapf explored—frequently the first European who visited them—are interesting, religiously, commercially, and politically. If our readers will look at their maps of Africa, they will see on the eastern coast, stretching northward from the extreme limits of the Portuguese possessions, the region called Zanguebar or Zanzibar, with a littoral of 1500 miles. It belongs partly to native princes, partly to our ally the Imam of Muscat. It is a chief seat of the slave trade with Arabia, and greedily opens its mouth alike for Manchester cottons and Birmingham fire-arms. Of the country inwards from the coast next to nothing was known, until Dr. Krapf and his brave missionary fellow-workers undertook their task of proselytising exploration. The results are interesting and important. Dr. Krapf is, however, so little of a literary artist (a distinction to which he disclaims all pretensions), that, in spite of the success of the recent English version of Dr. Barth's African Travels, we would not advise any London publisher to undertake a similar version of Dr. Krapf's. But these two diffuse volumes might easily furnish the materials for one striking and comparatively slender book; and more than one attractive paper might be made from them for the religious periodicals.

In an introductory chapter Dr. Krapf narrates, in a really naive and affecting way, how he was gradually guided from the farm house near Tübingen where he was born, to a missionary life in Africa. While he was quite a boy, an instinctive desire for wandering, which had led him to express a wish to go to sea, was suddenly crystallised by the accidental reading of a tract on missionary enterprise. Here seemed to be satisfaction for the longings at once of the flesh and of the spirit. In 1827 he procured admission to the missionary school at Basle, and here, some nine years later, he was found by "Mr. Coates, the secretary of the Church Missionary Society." Death had caused a vacancy in the Abyssinian Mission of the Society, and the young Krapf was asked whether he was willing to fill it. The youth expressed himself ready to go wherever he was sent; and on being designated for Abyssinia forthwith betook himself to the study of *Æthiopic* and *Amharic*. After seven years spent in Abyssinia, Dr. Krapf turned his attention to Zanzibar, or, as he spells it, Sansibar, and the populations of the interior—such wild, uncultivated heathen tribes as the Wanikas and the Wakambas. He founded a missionary station on the coast at Rabbi-Alpia, not far from the well-known island of Mombas, which was perhaps his true headquarters, and for relinquishing its protectorate of which to the sway of the Imam of Muscat he

bitterly reproaches England. Thence he made those journeys into the interior, diaries of which form so large a portion of the present volumes. His perils and sufferings were of no ordinary kind; few missionary narratives have struck us as recording so unostentatiously such a large amount of inevitable physical pain and privation. We wish we could say that the spiritual crop yielded was in proportion to the zeal and activity of the sower. But this Dr. Krapf's own accounts do not allow us to hope. His candour is equal to his piety, and there is no exaggeration on his part of what have evidently been very slender results. There were great difficulties in the way, and some of them were of a kind which Dr. Krapf was not exactly fitted to meet. Zeal, energy, contempt of pain, cheerful self-sacrifice, are rare and admirable qualities; they are evidently possessed by Dr. Krapf; but they are not sufficient for the delicate and difficult task of African conversion. Tact and a worldly wisdom which Dr. Krapf despises, but of which Dr. Livingstone made abundant and profitable use, are also requisite. The doing of secular work as preliminary to the preaching of the Word to the African savage is a thing that Dr. Krapf denounces. To preach, at all hours and under all circumstances, is the one great duty which he recognises. How ineffective may be the best-meant efforts in this direction let the following passage testify, which shows, moreover, some of the peculiar difficulties and dangers to which the Christian missionary in East Africa is exposed. The Doctor had made a little trip on a day of early spring to a hamlet on the mainland, not far from Mombas:

It was a market day in the place, and the Wanika women were buying meat from a Mahomedan, who had been killing a cow. The people paid no great attention to what I tried to tell them of everlasting riches. I therefore went to another hamlet further south, where the whole population was dancing round a Mahomedan, who beat upon a drum, and was about to perform Uganga (magic). When they saw me they were suddenly silent, and young and old listened to the discourse. After some time, however, one after another slipped away, and only a few men and women remained. Perhaps they did not understand me rightly in the Suahili language, and I did not express myself with well chosen imagery and in concrete language. Abstract notions are not understood by savages. All must be expressed in pictorial fashion and intelligibly, in the language of daily life. The Wanikas, and many East African races, are in the habit of repeating the last words of the orator. It forms a sort of wild liturgy, which, though it may disturb the European, has the advantage of showing him that he is understood. After I had expounded to the people the great love of God in the mission of his son, I asked the chief man of the place to show me the way to the scattered villages. He was quite ready to do so, but warned me not to go to the village Jambo, because the Wanikas were there celebrating their Wagano. This is a horrible sport, to which the young men, when they have reached a certain age, betake themselves from time to time. They besmear their bodies, especially their faces, with white and grey earth, so that they are quite unrecognisable, and remain completely naked in the woods for a certain time, until they have killed a man, whereupon they wash and return home, when they feast and carouse to their hearts' content.

They are not particular who the victim is, a traveller or a slave; so the warning was a timely one. The modest missionary has hinted that the indifference of the audience might be due to his own demerits. He adds, however, another, a still more probable and a curious cause.

The reason why the people paid so little attention to my address lay also in this, that they at first took me for a Mahomedan, for they know no other foreign religion save the Mahomedan. They dislike Mahomedanism, and in general everything religious, deadened as they are by their passion for drinking and their materialism.

The Mahomedan propaganda in East Africa is, indeed, a serious difficulty to the Christian missionary. The African savage loses his own superstition without accepting the faith of Islam, and both atheism and hypocrisy are the result. One "cultivated" Wanika told Dr. Krapf that he declined to listen because he believed in nothing but what he saw. So much for atheism. As to hypocrisy, Dr. Krapf assures us that "in time of famine, which sometimes happens, many Wanikas are glad to become Mahomedans, in order to save their lives; throwing off that religion, however, so soon as they have enough to eat." The Mahomedans, too, are large slave-owners as well as slave-dealers, which aggravates Dr. Krapf's regret that England should have ceded Mombas,

the influence of which is so much felt upon the mainland, to Muscat.

Some way to the south of the Wanika and Wakamba country lies the kingdom of Usambara, a sort of East African Punjab. It has a king, unlike the Wanikas and Wakambas, whose highest authority is a district headman. Dr. Krapf preaches vigorously the superiority of a regal to a republican form of government, contrasting the lawless anarchy of the kingless tribes to the north with the law and order which reign in Usambara. The Sultan of Usambara was not at all impressed by Dr. Krapf's expositions of Divine truth, and remained faithful to his mystery-men. But his indifference to Christianity included a disposition to tolerate it. The size and population of the hamlets, the orderly obedience of the inhabitants, their intelligence and desire for improvement, all point them out to Dr. Krapf as desirable objects for missionary zeal, so long as they have a tolerant monarch. It is to be hoped, however, that when Christian missionaries next make the attempt, it will be under better auspices than those of the gentleman whom Dr. Krapf knew as English Consul at Sansibar. While the French Consul displayed a great desire to forward the views of East African explorers, the English Consul at Sansibar, a Major Hamerton, distinguished himself by an opposite tendency. "Hamerton was so opposed to the exploration of Eastern Africa, that when Dr. Bialloblotzky wished to penetrate from the east coast into the interior, he once in my presence let fall the words: 'I will take care that the Doctor makes no speeches in Exeter Hall about Eastern Africa.'" The Major, it seems, was an old officer of the East India Company's Service, which, says Dr. Krapf, mildly, must be his excuse for the speech; adding that he was not without good qualities.

In the way of romantic adventure there is more than one passage in the book which, in the hands of a smart literary gentleman of the Mayne Reid order, might be turned into a really "thrilling" narrative. Once, for instance, Dr. Krapf returning coastwards, far in the interior, with a friendly chief, the caravan is set upon by robbers. The chief is killed, the party dispersed, the missionary's servants take to flight, and he is left alone in the midst of the wilderness. He wanders for days, hungry and thirsty, torn and bleeding, afraid of falling into the hands of unfriendly strangers. For calabash, he has nothing but the leather case of his telescope and the barrels of his gun. Food he has none, save the shoots of young trees; and in the dreadful solitude the lion and the rhinoceros are welcome company. Once he thought of laying him down to die, but was revived by the memory of a similar episode in the West-African wanderings of Mungo Park, and staggered on. His religion forsakes him not, nor, which is stranger, his loyalty. Tall mountains never before seen by European eye he christens "Albertino" and "Wilhelminu," in grateful remembrance of interviews vouchsafed him by Prince Albert and his Majesty of Prussia, at Windsor and Berlin, in 1856. When at last, he meets with seeming friends, they threaten him with death as a false magician who has led one of their chiefs into a snare, and at dead of night he has to escape from the just-reached refuge. Again, he has to pursue his wanderings, hiding by day and travelling by night, till at last, by little short of a series of miracles, the missionary station is reached once more. There is a sincerity, an unaffectedness, a genuine piety, an unconscious picturesqueness, in the simple and quite unliterary description of the adventure, that we wish extracts could, but they cannot, give any notion of what was encountered and how it was endured.

The most painful part of the book to an English critic or reader consists of the, we regret to say, too numerous passages in which this country is denounced, and its approaching ruin predicted. Dr. Krapf has our best English theologians at his fingers' ends, and often cheers his African solitude with quotations from them. He was a servant of the English Church Missionary Society; and to his regard for the Prince Consort we have already alluded. England is the country which has done most, and sacrificed most, for the repression of the slave trade. Yet we find Dr. Krapf always denouncing her selfish and worldly policy, and exulting at the thought that her naval supremacy is threatened by the fleets of France, her Eastern dominion by Russia. Can all this be explained by the mere cession of Mombas to Muscat? Or is there some secret grudge at the

Church Missionary Society? We know not. Nevertheless, the old saying holds true—*fas est ab hoste doceri*. Dr. Krapf, the enemy of the slave trade, is, like many of its friends, opposed to our African squadron, and would have the money spent on it devoted to the formation and support of mission stations. Further, he recommends the formation of a colony of free blacks on the east coast of Africa, like that which already subsists on the west.

In spite of his sneers at Dr. Livingstone, and his general asperity when writing about England, we part from Dr. Krapf in a friendly spirit, doubtfully hoping that the sale of his book will yield, after the expenses of publication are paid, a surplus to be applied, as the title-page announces, to the Abyssinian mission. When England and Englishmen are out of the question, he speaks like the sincere Christian, which his life and narrative prove him to be. He has explored many interesting, and by Europeans hitherto untrodden, districts; and if his narrative be not so stirring or striking as it might have been, something must be pardoned to the national fault of German writers—long-windedness. There remains only to add, that the volume is accompanied by an excellent map of the regions of East Africa first visited by Dr. Krapf and his friends, which, with "Albertino," "Wilhelminu," and the rest, we commend to the attention of our geographers and cartographers.

#### ROMANIC AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*Jahrbuch für Romanische und Englische Literatur*, &c. (Year Book of Romanic and English Literature. Edited by Dr. ADOLF EBERT, Professor in the University of Marburg, with the special co-operation of FERDINAND WOLF.) Vol. I. Part I. Berlin: F. Dümmler and A. Asher. London: Daniel Nutt. 1858.

This is, in point of fact, the first number of a new German quarterly magazine, devoted not merely to Romanic and English literature solely, but, if we are to judge by the specimen before us, to their archaic sections alone. Remembering the fate of our own *Retrospective Review*, and the failure of the attempt made a few years ago to resuscitate it, we may wonder at the faith which has led to the establishment of such a periodical as this. It has not even the attraction possessed by the *Retrospective Review*, that of dealing with interesting, but forgotten or neglected, works or domestic literature. Although its editors and principal contributors are Germans, and the work is meant chiefly for the German public, yet German literature is expressly excluded from treatment. Wonderful land, where publishers, editors, and we presume readers, can be found for a quarterly review devoted to the literary archaeology of other countries!

There are three substantial papers in No. I., followed by some shorter yet elaborate reviews of new books, more or less directly connected with the antiquities of Romanic and English literature. The first article, by M. Edelestand du Mériel, on the life and works of Wace, the author of the celebrated "Roman de Rou," is in French. All the others, longer and shorter, are in German. The English article, from the pen of the editor, Dr. Ebert, is on "The English Mysteries, with special reference to the Townley Collection." It is a contribution of great value to the history and significance of those curious precursors of the legitimate drama of the secular stage. The writer throws light on points hitherto obscure, by bringing a knowledge of the Continental mysteries to bear on the elucidation of those of England. And, although Mr. Sharp's well-known dissertation on the Coventry pageants was published nearly thirty-five years ago, it has been reserved for Dr. Ebert, as far as we know, to eliminate from that work a complete and lucid account of the stage arrangements of the civic English mysteries. Dr. Ebert's knowledge of our early and middle literature is so extensive, that we can pardon him an occasional blunder when he speaks of later times. Our titles are a standing snare even to the best-informed of foreigners. In his brief notice of M. Lacroix's "Histoire de l'Influence de Shakspeare sur le Théâtre Français," the learned editor, we observe, calls St. John "the Marquis of Bolingbroke." But these are trifling blemishes. Accuracy based on profound knowledge is a leading characteristic of this first number of a work to which we wish all success, convinced as we are that, if it is encouraged to live, it will furnish many a valuable contribution to the history and biography of our own early literature.



## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

In a paper read at the Royal Institution during the last session the painful fact was brought to light that over a space of upwards of seventy years the annual mortality from earthquakes in Southern Naples was 1500, these terrible visitations being thus a constant scourge to the inhabitants. It is known, too, that Portugal has suffered severely from these intestine commotions of the earth. Some smart shocks have been felt on the morning of the 11th instant in the neighbourhood of Lisbon sufficient to cause alarm, but fortunately up to this time attended with scarcely any loss of life. The meteorological warnings of the internal commotion were two days of incessant heavy rains with heavy atmosphere, the wind being rather fresh from E.S.E.; during the day the wind changed, and a sharp gale was experienced. The first shock lasted fully half a minute, and shook every house in Lisbon; it is the most violent that has occurred since the great earthquake of 1755. The houses are all built on a mixed system with a framework of wood, which renders them more elastic; chimneys were hurled down, walls were cracked and thrown down, but no building was destroyed. At a small town about twenty-five miles from Lisbon, on the Tagus, a number of houses were hurled down, and several deaths had in consequence occurred.

The Turkish Government has acceded to the proposition of the Telegraph Company for laying a telegraph line from Cape Hellas to Alexandria. The company has, however, asked to move the line from Rhodes to Candia, to which an answer has not yet been given. The intention is to begin at Candia and lay the line to Alexandria, and then, returning, take the portion from Candia to Cape Hellas, with a branch to Syra. The only break then between this country and Alexandria will be for about 100 miles, that is, the distance between Cape Hellas and Constantinople.

At the last meeting of the British Meteorological Society a paper was read by Dr. Tripe on the meteorology and mortality of London during the present year. It appears that the climate of central London differs in many respects from that of the surrounding districts, the temperature not rising so high by day, nor falling so low at night; consequently, the range is less, and also the humidity is less. It also appears that the amount of ozone varies with the wind—for instance, when the wind was westerly or southerly, large quantities were observed at Fulham, south-west of London, and none at Hackney; and when the wind was northerly or easterly large quantities were observed at Hackney, north-east of London, and little or none at Fulham; the fact being explained on the supposition that the air became deoxygenated by intermixture with the London atmosphere. As regards mortality, making a comparison of nineteen weeks when the temperature was below 50°, and nineteen weeks when it was above 50°, the mortality in the first period from all causes was 24,075, and in the latter only 20,994. Taking a group of weeks in which the temperature was below 35°, the mean mortality was 1,354, whilst the group in which the temperature was above 65° the mortality was only 1,075. A low temperature was adverse to inflammatory diseases of the lungs, the deaths being nearly four times as many in cold as in warm weather. In consumption with a temperature below 45° there was an increased rate of mortality, and in diarrhoea the deadly influence was very apparent.

A very important suggestion on geological examination, presenting features of originality and simplicity, was made at a late meeting of the Dublin Geological Society by M. Alphonse Gages, in a paper on a method of observation applied to the study of some metamorphic rocks, and on some molecular changes exhibited by the action of acids on them. Geological examination has hitherto, as regards the mineral constitution of rocks, been dependent on generalities too unrestricted, or on chemical analysis too exact. M. Gages proposes a mean between the hammer and the scales, by the use of acids and other solvents. Chemical analysis, no doubt, makes us acquainted with the absolute constitution of rocks; but portions of the rocks, such as serpentines and others, being dissolved by acids, would leave skeletons, by which not only might their metamorphic derivation be inferred, but also their reconstitution. For instance, a fragment of micasite, which by the ordinary method of analysis would prove to be a dolomitic rock, containing little more than one per cent. of silica, would be found by the method here suggested to leave an asbestiform skeleton of magnesian tremolite, having fully sixty-eight per cent. of silica. Another instance may be taken from a laminated magnesite resulting from trappian decomposition, which had been determined to be a silicate of alumina and magnesia; but upon treatment by the method suggested by M. Gages with hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, a skeleton of amorphous silica was left, containing organic matter, which upon the removal of the latter has a density

less than that of water, and presents the cast of the primitive laminated mineral. This residue absorbs 115 per cent. of water, and also salts of copper, appearing like copper hydrophane, and retains sulphuric acid with great tenacity, becoming hyaline, but readily dissolves in a solution of caustic potash, even if heated to redness. It would thus appear that a certain transitional connection exists between the laws of chemical phenomena and those of molecular attraction. Other examples might be presented in magnesite, Thomsonite, and serpentines; but for the successful application of the agencies, the object of examination should always be in the form of moderate-sized single fragments.

**THE LATE COLD WEATHER.**—Mr. J. Glaisher has published the following statement:—"The temperature of the last few days has been so unusual in the month of November that I beg to send you an account of it. The mean temperature of the month up to this day is 37½ deg., being no less than 7 deg. below the average of the same period for 43 years. The mean daily temperature was below the average on every day except the 4th and 5th, when it was slightly above; and on the 19th amounted to 14 deg.; the 20th, to 10½ deg.; the 21st, to 8 deg.; the 22nd, to 9 deg.; and on the last two days—viz., the 23rd and this day (the 24th), which were the coldest—the depression was as large as 15 deg. and 16 deg. respectively. The most remarkable period in the month is that from the 15th, its mean temperature being 32·6 deg., and its mean departure below the average amounting to 9½ deg. On the 20th the temperature decreased to 24½ deg.; on the 23rd to 18½ deg., and this morning it was at its lowest point—16 deg. This remarkable period of continuance of cold in November is without a parallel since the year 1815. The weather in that year from November the 15th to the 29th was similar to the present; the mean temperature between these limits was 31½ deg. The temperature, however, did not fall so low as at present; the lowest noted was 25 deg. In the year 1816 there was a cold period of three days' duration—viz., from the 22nd to the 25th, when the mean temperature was 30 deg.; that of the 24th was 23½ deg. only. The next cold period in November of any continuance was in 1827, when the mean temperature of the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th was 27 deg.; that of the 24th was as low as 24½ deg. In the year 1829, from November 16 to the 25th, the mean temperature was 32·7 deg. The next cold period was in 1838; from the 24th to the 27th its mean temperature was 31½ deg. In 1841 the mean temperature from November 14 to the 18th was 32½ deg. In 1849 the mean temperature from November 25 to November 29 was 31½, that of the 28th being as low as 26 deg. In 1851 the mean temperature from November 15 to the 19th was 32½ deg. In 1854, the mean from November 22 to the 27th was 33½ deg.; and in 1856 the mean of November 29 and 30 was 29 deg. In November 1857 the temperature of the coldest day was 37½ deg., that of November 26. So that there has not been any analogous period of such severe weather in the month of November as at the present time since the year 1815. The mean temperature of yesterday was 25½ deg., and this day is 24½ deg., and the mean of these two days is lower than that of any two consecutive November days in the preceding 45 years. The temperature this morning—viz., 16 deg., was lower than it has ever been in November within the same period of 45 years, which is as far back as any authentic records extend. In the year 1815 the mean temperature, which was 29 deg. on the 29th of November, rose to 41½ deg. on the 30th of November, to 49½ deg. on the 1st of December, then gradually declined to 42 deg. by the 5th, and was followed by a moderately cold period."

## MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

**CHEMICAL.**—Thursday, Nov. 18.—Dr. Longstaff, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Kynaston read a paper "On the analysis of the water of a spring at Billingham, Lincolnshire." The water contained 2·7 grains of saline matter per gallon, including 2·1 grains of carbonate of soda and 0·6 grains of combined potassa. Dr. Hoffmann, on the part of Prof. Futzsche, exhibited some crystalline compounds of nitro-pyric acid with benzene, naphthalene, and other hydrocarbons. Messrs. Perkin and Duppa read a paper "On Bibromacetic Acid."

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—At the meeting of the members of this society, held on Wednesday evening, G. T. Doo, Esq., F.R.S. and R.A., presiding, an interesting paper was read by Mr. F. Joubert, "On a method of rendering engraved copper plates capable of producing a greatly increased number of impressions." He commenced by giving a brief history of the origin and progress of engraving on wood, stone, and metals, and the subsequent discovery, by the accidental placing wet linen upon an intaglio of Finiguerra, that impressions could be transferred, which he eventually succeeded in doing upon wet paper. This led to a publication in Florence five years after (in 1477) of the first book, containing impressions from engraving on metal. Having alluded to Hogarth, Sir R. Strange, and other eminent engravers, and to the introduction of steel plates, he observed that it had become desirable to harden the surface of a copper plate, and to protect it from wear while printing. He then proceeded to say:—"In March last, my friend M. Jaquin, of Paris, took out a patent in this country for a method of coating plates with

iron, which had already been successfully applied in France, and of which the merit is due to my friend M. Henry Garnier, of Paris. I have myself had the opportunity of co-operating with M. Garnier in the development of the invention, the principles of which I shall now proceed to describe. If the two wires of a galvanic battery be plunged separately into a solution of iron, having ammonia for its basis, the wire of the positive pole is immediately acted upon, while that of the negative pole receives a deposit of the metal of the solution—this is the principle of the process which we have named 'acierage.' The operation takes place in this way:—By placing at the positive pole a plate or sheet of iron, and immersing it in a proper iron solution, the metal will be dissolved under the action of the battery, and will form hydrochlorate of iron, which, being combined with the hydrochlorate of ammonia of the solution, will become a bichloride of ammonia and iron; on a copper plate being placed at the opposite pole and likewise immersed, if the solution be properly saturated, a deposit of iron, bright and perfectly smooth, is thrown upon the copper plate. I lay no claim to the general application of a coating of harder metal on to the surface of a softer one; but my claim to invention is confined to the application of a coating of iron by means of electricity on to copper and other metallic printing surfaces. It may be remarked that the coating of iron admits of being removed from a printing surface of copper without injury to the original plate; hence the original plate may, after being coated and used for some time, have the worn coating removed, and then be re-covered with an iron coating as often as may be required; and if care is taken to remove the coating of iron before it has been entirely worn away, the engraved copper or other plate may be made to print a vast number of impressions and yet remain in the original state it was in when it left the hands of the engraver, or was otherwise first produced. The only limit appears to be in the gradual change which takes place in the body of the printing surface by the compression to which it is subjected in the process of printing. At the same time an original engraving on copper would become, when treated according to the invention, more lasting than if engraved on steel. If an engraved copper plate be prepared by this process, instead of a comparatively limited number of impressions being obtained and the plate wearing out gradually, a very large number may be printed off without any sign of wear in the plate, the iron coating protecting it effectually; by these means one electro copper plate has yielded more than 12,000 impressions and was found quite unimpaired when examined minutely. I need not say that copper is by no means the only metal to which the process is applicable, for the same principle will be found to answer in the case of other soft metals used for printing purposes; and I shall only add, in conclusion, that, although the principle of electrotyping has been applied up to the present date in a variety of ways since it was organised by Sir Thomas Foner, in 1837, this, I believe, the first time that an attempt has been successfully made to prepare an engraved copper plate with harder metal, with the view of increasing its printing capabilities; and I feel happy to have been the first to introduce so valuable a discovery into this my adopted country."—M. Joubert then proceeded to illustrate, immersing several plates, which were handed round to the assembly, exemplifying his process, and also evincing his ability to remove the coating so as to renew it when required; and he also showed one of the first specimens of electrotyping.

**ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—At a meeting of this society held on Monday evening at Burlington House, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, president, in the chair. The papers read were:—1. "Notes Geographical and Commercial on the Gulf of Pecheli, and the Pehlo River." By Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., F.R.G.S., H.M.S. Furiosa. The first portion of the paper bore reference chiefly to the geographical and commercial aspects of the countries passed in the passage from Shanghai to the Gulf of Pecheli, her Majesty's ship Furiosa having been one of the ships that accompanied Lord Elgin in his journey up the Great Canal to Tien-Sin, where the late treaty was signed. The paper contained some observations upon the direction of the tides, the character of the country in ascending the Pehlo, with a description of the towns, the customs, inhabitants, and on various other subjects. The second paper read was:—2. "On the Search for Leichhardt, and the Australian Desert." By the Rev. W. B. Clarke, of Sydney, F.R.G.S. It will be remembered that numerous efforts have been made to discover traces of Dr. Leichhardt, and that Mr. A. C. Gregory, whose account of his journey was read before the last meeting, started in the spring of this year from Moreton Bay with this object in view. Mr. Clarke entertains the opinion that Leichhardt, who was last heard of in 1848, may be still alive, and that searches for him have hitherto been prosecuted in wrong directions. He differs from Mr. Gregory in his conclusions drawn from the letter L, and other marks found on trees, as pointing out his route, and recommended the fitting out of another expedition.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—Nov. 23, 1858. Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P., president, in the chair. The paper read was "On the Successful Working, by Locomotive Power, over Gradients of 1 in 17, and Curves of 300 feet radius, on Inclines in America," by Mr. T. S. Isaac. It was stated that the road which had decidedly taken the lead in the United States in the application of locomotive power to steep gradients, and had been generally the pioneer of improvements, was that extending from Baltimore, on the Chesapeake Bay, to Wheeling on the Ohio River, a distance of three hundred and eighty miles, through a region of considerable difficulties, especially in the various ranges of the Alleghany Mountains. It was not until 1851, or three years previous to the opening of the Sommering incline, that the great incline over the main range of the Alleghany was completed, and worked by locomotives. This latter had an inclination of 1 in 45½ for eleven continuous miles, and, after winding amongst the summits of the mountains for twenty miles, it descended, on the western side, with an inclination of 1 in 45½ for nine continuous miles. The passage of this mountain chain involved altogether sixty miles of railway, twenty miles of which had a gradient of 1 in 45½, and nine miles of 1 in 50, both worked by locomotive power, at a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles per hour for passenger trains, and from ten to fifteen miles per hour for goods trains. The curves were frequently 600 feet radius. In 1852, difficulties were encountered at two different tunne's, which rendered

temporary inclines necessary, in order to accomplish the passage of the trains. There was a maximum gradient, over the Kingwood tunnel, of 1 in 10, and this incline was in operation for several months, the iron and other materials for upwards of forty miles of line, and the United States made, having been conveyed over it, by locomotive power. Steep gradients and sharp curves had since been adopted on the Virginia Central Railroad, on a more extended scale, and had been in successful operation for upwards of four years. The Mountain Top incline on this road crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains, at Rock Fish Gap, in Virginia. It was four miles and one third long, with a ruling gradient of 1 in 18.7. But on the lower half-mile of the eastern slope, the gradient was 1 in 17.86, on curves of 570 feet radius and upwards, and the minimum gradient, on curves of 300 feet radius, was 1 in 22.2. The engines were mounted on six wheels, all coupled, and set close, the outer wheels being only 9 feet 4 inches apart from centre to centre. The diameter of the cylinders was 16½ inches, the length of the stroke was 20 inches, and the diameter of the driving wheels was 3½ feet. A tank was provided over the boiler, capable of holding 100 cubic feet of water, and above this there was placed 100 cubic feet of fuel, an additional quantity being stored under the foot-board, which was lengthened for the purpose. When supplied with wood and water sufficient for a trip of eight miles, each engine weighed about 24½ tons. The usual weight of a mountain train was 45½ tons, the speed being limited, by regulation, to a maximum of eight miles per hour. The consumption of fuel was three quarters of a cord of wood westward, and half a cord eastward. Greater loads had been conveyed, but those given were the results of ordinary working. For accomplishing the descent, all the cars were provided with a brake to each wheel, of sufficient strength to lock the wheel, if necessary, and a brakeman was stationed at each end of the car. The breaks of two cars were found sufficient in ordinary weather. But when the ground was covered with snow or ice, recourse was had to the air cocks of the engines, and sand was applied to the breaks. In conclusion the author remarked that there were probably few mountain passes that could not be overcome by the introduction of gradients of 1 in 17, and experience had satisfactorily proved that the locomotive could draw a load nearly double its own weight up such a gradient, at a speed of eight miles per hour. The working of the Mountain Top track furnished additional evidence to that already gained from other sources, of the superiority of light engines with light loads, over heavy engines with heavy loads. After the meeting a model was exhibited of an apparatus (Hall's), by which railway carriages were coupled together, so as to render the action of the breaks continuous throughout the train, and thus render it possible to apply three or four breaks simultaneously. A longitudinal square bar was suspended under each carriage, the connection being made by a universal joint coupling. In making up a train, the break blocks of the break vans were screwed up close to the rims of the wheels, and then the coupling was effected so as to avoid the possibility of slack. The break blocks were so arranged on the carriages that two operated in each direction, so that the carriages might be moved either backwards or forwards indiscriminately; but this was not the case with those attached to the tenders and the break van. The mode of applying the power was similar to that ordinarily in use. There was a worm-wheel on the spindle of the handle from the van, working into a cog-wheel, fast on the longitudinal shaft. On this shaft there was also a screw working in a loose collar, to which was attached the ends of one pair of levers, operating the arm of a lever, on a fixed shaft, also carrying the levers to which the blocks were attached.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday, Nov. 29.—Actuaries, 7. I. "On the Improvement of Life Contingency Calculation." II. "The System of Dependent Risks." By Mr. Farren.  
London Institution, 7. Prof. Tyndall, "On Light."  
British Architects, 8.  
Tuesday, 30.—Civil Engineers, 8. Discussion "On Steep Inclines on American Railways." And, if time permits, Mr. M. Scott, M. Inst. C.E., "Description of a Braakwater at the Port of Blythe," &c.  
Wednesday, Dec. 1.—London Institution, 3. Mr. T. R. Jones, "On the Natural History of the Vertebrate Division of the Animal Kingdom."  
Zoological, 3.  
Society of Arts, 8. Mr. Hyde Clarke, "On Copper Smelting."  
Geological, 8. Sir R. L. Murchison, F.R.S., "On the Geological Structure of the North of Scotland, and the Orkney and Shetland Isles."  
Thursday, 2.—London Institution, 7. Dr. E. Frankland, "On the Air and Water of Towns."  
Chemical, 8. I. Mr. Mercer, "On Atomic Weights." II. Mr. Barratt, "On the Analysis of the Water from Holywell, North Wales."  
Linnean, 8. I. Mr. S. Hanley, "On the Linnean MS. of the Museum Ulricæ." II. Prof. Henfrey, "On the Morphology of the Balsaminaceæ."  
Friday, 3.—Archæological, 4.  
Saturday, 4.—London Institution, 3. Mr. Thomas A. Malone, "On the Metallic Elements, and their Principal Salts and Alloys."

### ART AND ARTISTS.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

TEMPTED by the promising title, we have perused the pamphlet published this week by J. P. Davis, painter, "The Royal Academy and the National Gallery: What is the state of those institutions? What are the reforms contemplated by ministers?" We naturally expected some new light or interest would have been given to the subject under such a title. At least, we hoped to find a hint or suggestion or two towards the solution of the "National Gallery Difficulties," as it has been latterly termed. But Mr. Davis is the wrong person to afford any such enlightenment. He is not exactly "a man with a grievance;" but he has had the misfortune to write a letter to the *Times* in 1852, which, worse still for him, was published. Thus he has become a practical example of Mr. Roebuck's axiom, "that a man never wrote a letter to the *Times* without having cause to

regret it." Mr. Davis has, from the date of his letter, deemed himself bound to attend before committees, write letters, and devote his existence to denunciations of everything done in connection with these two institutions. One committee neglect to ask him for his evidence—he writes a protest against all they do. Two Governments omit to consult him—he attends the debates and rejoices at each hostile vote of the House. As a final labour, he compiles from blue books and newspapers a history of the question for the past ten years, with a deep "glazing" of his own opinions. Names are spelt wrong, dates inverted, occurrences of last year made to precede those of seven years since, to give tone to the logic in which the whole is enveloped. He would reform the Royal Academy by sweeping it from its foundations, and then proposes an institution almost similar, with the improvement of expending the admission shillings in the purchase of pictures out of the exhibition!—an idea never desired by the artists or the public, and certain to give about the same amount of unanimous satisfaction as the taste of the hanging committee does at present. One keeper of the National Gallery of some fifteen years since, Mr. Seguier, alone gave satisfaction to Mr. Davis. His remedy for the ills of pictures was a sovereign and universal one—varnish. He never protected them with glass, or wiped their dulled surfaces with silk cloths, but encased them in gum and oil. This Mr. Davis approves. To do nothing but allow the painting to become more dark and obscure every year is the perfection of conservation. What pictures should be purchased Mr. Davis does not say; but he dreads the possibility of the National Gallery containing ultimately one or two examples of every known painter of the best schools, with as many as can be got by the best painters. He wars with Mr. Dyce and the "chronological system," and would have a collection formed by the chance medley of accidents and lucky bargains at auctions. He would have the decayed "Puck" of Sir J. Reynolds purchased at Rogers's sale for 2200*l.*, rather than a Rubens or Bassano at a tenth of the price. We did think a painter of experience and knowledge would have given us more desirable advice than this; but, like his friend Mr. Morris Moore, Mr. Davis loves a strong effect.

The prospectus of the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" has been issued. The scheme has obtained high patronage. The President is the Earl of Carlisle, and Lords Ellesmere, Ward, and Feversham, are among the Vice-Presidents. The council, so far as it is yet formed, is also highly satisfactory. The officers are honorary. Mr. H. Outley, the talented lecturer on art, has been secured as the corresponding secretary. We have not the slightest doubt that the society will find its mission, and successfully fill the opening which the current taste for the fine arts offers for its operations. The annual subscription will be one guinea; and the practical objects contemplated are thus stated in the prospectus: "The primary object of this society will be to create a true sympathy between artists and those to whom they minister, and to elevate the aspirations of both in the mutual relations so established. Towards this end it will be attempted to diffuse sound principles of art and criticism amongst the public by means of lectures, discussions, and classes for study, illustrated by important examples selected from the works of eminent masters of all schools. The lectures and classes will be organised by committees to be appointed for the purpose, and will comprise all the subjects that should properly enter into a high art-education. The contemplated discussions upon art will take a still wider and more varied range. In order to be of practical utility and effect, it is submitted that they should not be confined to abstract questions of theory or taste, or to the art-traditions of bygone times, but should deal fearlessly with the art of the very age in which we live, and the most recent and prominent examples of it. In order to give additional weight and authenticity to the declared opinions of this society as a body, on matters of living art, it is proposed to award prizes, medals of honour, and other testimonials, to the producers of works in painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, music, and poetry; such prizes and testimonials to be awarded at the commencement of each session, and to be restricted in each year to works produced, exhibited, performed, or published, within the twelvemonth preceding. A committee to be appointed at a general meeting, who shall define the number and nature of the prizes and testimonials to be awarded, and afterwards, assisted by sub-committees of their own body, point out three works in the arts of design, and one or more in the arts of poetry and music, as eligible in respect of each of such prizes and awards; from which works so fixed upon, the members, at a general meeting, shall afterwards select those to which each prize shall be awarded. Conversations will be held monthly during the session, to which ladies will be admitted, and to which every member will be entitled to introduce a visitor; on which occasion artists, amateurs, and collectors will be invited to exhibit any remarkable works which may be in their possession. Two exhibitions of painting, sculpture, &c., will be organised by the society in the course of each year (the effect of which will be heightened occasionally by the charms of music and poetry); one to illustrate ancient, the other modern art, to be distinguished by

a date of demarcation hereafter to be fixed. The exhibition of modern art will naturally include some of the most remarkable productions which have graced the exhibitions during the preceding season, and which have probably formed the subject of discussion at the meetings of the society. The liberal spirit now actuating distinguished collectors in this country, from her Majesty downwards, to extend to the public the opportunity of participating in the enjoyment of their art-treasures, recently so signally manifested at the Manchester and other exhibitions which have been attended by such important and gratifying results, justifies the hope that the exhibitions of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts may be well supplied with objects of the highest merit and interest. These exhibitions will be opened to the public free on two days in the week, and three days on payment; the remaining day in each week being reserved exclusively for members and their friends, when it is proposed a musical performance shall take place in connection with the exhibition. The funds derived from this source will be applied in pecuniary prizes to artists, or otherwise towards the promotion of the interests of art. A permanent exhibition of engravings, and a library of reference, illustrative of the arts of design of all ages, will be established, to which department the contributions of artists, authors, collectors, and others will be acceptable." An inaugural meeting of the society will be held early in December.

### ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

THE improvements now being made in the department of our British Museum devoted to classical antiquities are of sufficient moment to induce us to devote a further space to the details we recorded last week when speaking of the new vaults devoted to monumental sculpture. We omitted then to note that the fac-similes of the frescoes which decorated the early Etruscan tombs at Corneto (the Ancient Tarquinia), and which have for so long a time hung above the cases in the rooms devoted to Greek art, are now to be brought together, as they were when bought some twenty years ago from Signor Campanari; and a fac-simile of the old Etrurian sepulchres constructed, into which persons may walk, examining the sarcophagi in the centre, and the painted walls and ceiling; so that the visitors in Great Russell-street may for the moment be as completely instructed as to their form and character, as if they had accompanied Mr. Dennis himself to "the cemeteries of Etruria." The good produced by the new arrangement of this section of our national collection will be forcibly felt by all who now see in one group the series of monumental sculpture, formerly widely scattered, and consequently not regarded either for its quantity or its quality. Its variety and power of self-illustration, by contrast, is not its least remarkable feature.

A noble hall, lighted by a glass roof, is also in preparation for the reception of the last received Assyrian sculptures; the slabs will be arranged round this room, and are now being carefully joined and prepared for their destination, a work requiring a large amount of care and patience, as many have been broken by the action of fire into dozens of pieces. The labour rewards itself, for the details of all these sculptures are more delicately rendered than any we have seen before. The patterns on the dresses have all the richness and elaboration of a modern Indian shawl, but are executed so tenderly, that they have the soft effect of a wax model.

The marbles from Halicarnassus (Bodrum) will soon be ready for exhibition. They have been arranged beneath the outer portico of the Museum in a glazed gallery. The fragments, wherever it has been possible to do so, have been joined and held together with plaster, and a few restorations (where they suggest themselves) effected. The latter has been made the subject of severe remark; but such severity is here unmerited. There is scarcely a statue in the galleries at home or abroad that has not been so treated. The Vatican presents hundreds of instances and our own Townley collection many dozens. The restoration too has not been done so honestly abroad as it has been done by Mr. Westmacott at home. The additions to the marble have been made in plaster, and the surface of it is slightly lower than the original stone; so that no attempt is made at concealing the modern addition—the rock on which we might split; nor do the additions partake of any other character than necessary assistants to a comprehension of the great features of the original designs.

The Archaeological Society of North Wales propose in the spring to excavate at Wroxeter (the Roman Uriconium), and, it is hoped, with important results. It is proposed to be done by a subscription among such members of the society as are willing to give a guinea each; and when fifty such subscriptions are obtained, the president, Beriah Botfield, Esq., M.P., has promised to furnish another fifty guineas from his own purse. The noble proprietor of the land has cordially agreed to allow any excavations the society may superintend; and such antiquities as may be exhumed are to be (very properly) placed in the museum at Shrewsbury.



## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEARLY sixteen years have glided away since the public were first made acquainted with Balfe's early and best opera, *The Bohemian Girl*. No native production of modern times has attained such popularity, or stood its ground so firmly; none that has been so extensively circulated among our continental neighbours, or has done so much towards raising the English school of music as this. It has gone the round of the German theatres, found a locale as far north as recognised civilisation extends, and a welcome also in the sunny land of song. The wear and tear incident to such popularity have often produced ennui; the chief airs have not only been treated after strange fashions on the stage, but have had to undergo the ordeal of the concert-room, the arrangements of the free and easy, and the torturing process of the street mill so long, that the soul of the music at times was well nigh distinguished. Yet not exactly so. Rest, says Milton, gives all things life that have the seeds of vitality in them; and on this admitted principle the songs and concerted pieces came out on Monday evening at Drury Lane with all the freshness and redolence of flower-beds visited by the reviving rain and welcome breeze. The "cast" of Monday retained but one name among those who first assisted in making the opera famous. Mr. Harrison then, as now, impersonated the proscribed Pole. The songs assigned to Thaddeus are so interwoven with his name, that to expect any change in the mode of rendering them is vain. No other singer would be permitted to smother a simple ballad with such a profusion of roulades and tremolos—little else than a display of studied vocal exercises—which impart neither beauty nor grace. "Dat is very pretty," said Weber to a donna, "but dat is not what I did write." Were we to say that Miss Louisa Pyne's Arline was equal to the original Miss Rainforth, or that the Queen of the Gipsies found an exponent in Miss Susan Pyne equal to Miss Betts, we should belie our convictions. Nevertheless every appliance was brought to bear in order to give due effect and prominence to the parts respectively. Mr. Corri, as Devilshoof, afforded amusement by the grotesqueness of his acting, and Mr. Glover threw a great deal of feeling into the character of the Count, and won a well-deserved success by his singing of the beautiful and expressive air in the second act, "The heart bow'd down," which was enthusiastically encored. The other gems were likewise re-demanded, and the principals called at every convenient opportunity to receive plauditory homage unsparingly bestowed. With so efficient an orchestra as Drury Lane can boast of under the Pyne-Harrison management, it is scarcely necessary to state, that as far as the band is concerned, every part of the opera met with a finished treatment.

There was an excellent attendance at the Crystal Palace on the second Saturday Winter Concert. Miss Louisa Vinning shone alone in her glory as the star vocalist. In order, we suppose, to exhibit the extent of register, this lady added not a few flights of vocal acrobaticism to those of "The Gentle Lark," which Sir H. Bishop wrote to perpetuate his name. Few singers attempt the imitation of the bird that soars towards "heaven's gate" without straining for a more lofty elevation, or taking the most fanciful curvatures: we need not say with what success. Cherubini's overture to *Famisk*, and other compositions of a similar class, stood in the bill of particulars. The items, though few in number, were in essence good. Beethoven's Symphony in D (op. 36), which chiefly occupied the second portion of the concert, threw all the other music into the shade, and served, by its spirit, passion, and melody, once again to remind us, if it were necessary, that the rugged hermit of Vienna stands in his art where our own Shakspeare stands with reference to the drama—paramount, if not unapproachable.

Beyond the third Mendelssohn night of Thursday, no other very marked feature has characterised the performances at the Lyceum. Wieniawski is still the musical lion of the metropolis. He performs twice each evening, and has stock enough in hand—head rather—to diversify the town as so long as they feel disposed to be charmed by him. The profound silence that he commands, soon as he gets into position for dancing through a forest of semiquavers, is of itself commentary sufficient on the magical influence that he has acquired over the minds of the listeners. In the early part of the week M. Jullien placed the *allegro* and triumphal march from the Beethoven Symphony in C minor in the first division of the programme. Many weighty objections might be urged to the mode of representing detached portions of a great whole. There is a peculiarity in this movement which may account in some measure for its being given in an independent form. The subject of the *allegro* is a brilliant illumination, projected in vivid contrast by the deep, heavy masses of shadow of the last bars of the *scherzo* which immediately precede and lead into it. The second subject of the *scherzo* being introduced in the middle of the *allegro*, so completely involves the unity of the two movements, that the one cannot with any degree of propriety be performed without the other. By these artistic and skilful resources the composer develops his ideas in beautiful contrast and symmetrical proportions; there

is nothing defective or redundant, and the last introduction of the subject of the *allegro* is found to yield an appropriate and magnificent climax. The marked attention paid to the elucidation of this masterpiece of orchestral writing by the band under M. Jullien's direction, clearly indicated that the music of Beethoven has only to be understood to be appreciated.

Mr. J. A. Williams is giving "Musical Sketches of Popular Composers," at the Polytechnic Institution every evening. The chief point insisted on during the past week has been the great improvement made in the branch of musical art denominated "comic singing." The lecturer maintains that all comic singing must of necessity partake in some degree of vulgarity, and cites as a great refiner Mr. John Parry, whose compositions have been eulogised by the most fastidious. Other composers are put in contrast, and their works illustrated—as the term goes—by the aforesaid lecturer, aided by Miss Annie Eppy. Entertainments of this kind add materially to the other agreeable, scientific, and instructive lessons, characteristic of the Polytechnic Institution.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A Liverpool paper has reason to believe that the Swedish Nightingale will appear next summer at the Philharmonic.

The Great Handel Commemoration of June 1859 is now closely occupying the attention of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, as well as the officers of the Crystal Palace Company. The society, as before, undertakes the musical arrangements, and is already preparing the list of performers for this unparalleled musical display. The choral rehearsals preparatory to the festival will commence early in December, and it is intended to continue them at regular intervals throughout the winter and spring, so that by June next (when the festival is fixed to take place) the entire choir may be in the most perfect order.

Mr. Ira Aldridge, the African Roscius, has written the following letter to the editor of the *Brighton Observer*, dated Revel, Russia, 2nd Nov.:—"After leaving Prague I came direct to Riga, from thence to Mittan, and am now in Revel, on my way to St. Petersburg, where I am engaged to give twelve representations in the Imperial Theatre, receiving for each representation 400 silver roubles—60*l*. I am to lodge at the Government's expense, and have an equipage at my disposal during my sojourn in the Imperial City. At the close of my performance in Riga, the General Governor of the East Province of Russia made me a magnificent present, in silver the produce of the Ural mountains, which I hope to have the pleasure of showing you on my return to England."

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* sends the following statement:—"An attempt to poison Madame Ristori, and so revenge the wrongs of the Austrian representative on the stage, Holophernes, is mentioned in a letter from Parma. This villainous act took place at Reggio, in the Modenese territory, where she played a part in which a poisoned bowl was to be quaffed. Genuine poison had been infused into the mimic draught of hellebore, which the acuteness of her senses gave her warning not to swallow."

The *Lionnes Pauvres*, a play of the *Dame aux Camellias* class, which had a great run at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris some months ago, has been prohibited at Madrid. "A lesson of morality from Madrid," remarks *Galignani*. The *Entr'acte* exclaims, "Il y a donc encore des Pyrenées!"

An opera by M. Sobolinski, a pupil of Liszt, entitled *Cornalia*, is about to be performed at Weimar, and it is to be followed by an opera entitled the *Barber of Bagdad*, by M. Cornelius, another pupil of the great pianist.

Choral societies are on the increase in the south of France. One has just been formed at Béziers, which counts 120 members.

## THE THEATRES.

THE notable dramatic event of the week is the reproduction of Shakspeare's *Much Ado about Nothing* at the Princess's. Mr., and indeed we may say, Mrs. Kean, are deliberately going through the long gallery of portraiture that they have both earnestly and intelligently studied; and they should be seen, because there seems every probability that they will not only not be repeated by these performers, but that when they have departed they will wane on the horizon of our metropolis, and gradually for a time go out of action. This is ventured to be said in spite of the irate gentlemen who, at after-dinner meetings of actors and *littérati*, spout of "the immortality of the immortal bard," and who declare that the sweet swan of Avon is to go on sailing up and down Thamesis till time himself shall be put an end to. Now we have no fear but that the charming, and when compared to all other writers the marvellous, power of characterisation and illustration of Shakspeare will be admired as long as men and women are cast in the same mould, and continue to like dramatic reproductions of their infinite variety. This is our cardinal belief, and the more we read him the more we are convinced of his undecaying quality. But preservation in the study and in a metretic stage life are

two very different things. No dramatic works have really kept the stage yet for more than a hundred years, though a Roman writer said Ennius had done so for five hundred. If this were so, he has now suffered so complete an oblivion that his measure of renown is reduced to the common average. Keeping the stage means a power of drawing the average multitude to see the play, not the actor, the scenery, the show—not scholars who have deeply studied the play and like to hear it repeated, but the laughing, crying, sympathising, careless, unscholarly people—who go to be the soft clay which the dramatist is to harden to scorn, or to melt to tears, or to awe to fear, or to inspire to heroism, as his will, wit, or eloquence best can. Such people do not respect the name in the play-bill; they are nothing if they are critical; and they neither know nor care if the drama be high or low, instructive or misleading, provided they derive an emotional enjoyment from it. These, after all, are the people who give true life and actuality to the theatre. They are impervious to the stern dissertations of critical scholars, and regard very little the essays which those who have carefully studied the matter give out to them daily or weekly. They go to the theatre to be entertained—if sensitive, to be moved; and, very naturally and rightly, they do not see why there should be an attempt to drill them into liking or disliking any plays, however great or however time-honoured they may be. The stage is the platform of the emotions, and the emotions will, like water, take their own course and only rise to their own level. It must be acknowledged that these fleeting mobs of humanity are not profound in their judgments nor pure in their tastes, which are tainted by many crudities and impurities, but which still have more vitality in them than the rapid ideas which have been filtered through the brains of the learned and the reflective. Human masses do not separate the essential from the accidental, and consequently are much more moved by manners than by the deeper traits of human character. What is most prominent they see not only at first, but continuously; and when they are shocked, either mentally or morally, with the manners and expressions of the beings before them, they turn away, and laugh or reprove according as their notions of propriety or virtue are shocked.

Such being the case, every century or every third generation brings a new standard of conventional propriety, and the old fashion of the mind or even of the feelings becomes an absurdity in the eyes of those who have no habitual use of the abstract. The philosopher is indeed careless of costume either mentally or bodily, and respects equally Caesar in his helmet and kilt, Brutus in his magnificent blanket, or Lord Chatham in his powdered wig and buckled breeches; but not so the multitude, either genteel or vulgar. The costume of the person is easier obliterated than the costume of the mind; and we can easier forgive the farthingale than the coarseness of Beatrice, and reprove less the small mantle and long hose of Benedick than his antiquated profanity.

This brings us, after this wandering exordium, to the matter in hand, and to the revival of the two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old comedy at the modern Princess's theatre in this living age. The inner life of the two principal personages, the joyous, merry, thoroughly feminine woman, and the manly, free-spoken, self-relying man, are stereotypes of nature; but they do not express themselves outwardly after the fashion and language of our time. The allusions require foot notes; the similes are far-fetched; the manners of the lady are boisterous, and as it is now thought coarse, though she is truly the really refined person in the play. The man is as much laughed at as with, and is only really good when he borders on tragedy, and will avenge a wronged woman. It is difficult for any one to understand what impression the following speech of Benedick could have on those who had not carefully pre-studied Shakspeare: "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam." Yet it is a very vivacious and telling application of known images and customs to the original audience of the play. Nor is this an isolated instance; for much of the wit (and capital wit it is) is symbolised in the same exploded forms. But what in the name of common sense do any of the audience, except the middle-aged students of "the immortal bard," understand by such allusions? And the result is, as there cannot be many audiences of such, the immortal comedy can only be played twice a week. Such plays, as we have already profanely said, are only destined to be occasionally revived to a pitiful of scholars. We are not unmindful of our old Sadler's Wells' revivals, and their clever illustrations; but in that Shakspearean school the audience consists of dramatic students, who reverentially listen to Professor Phelps and his tutors. The life of revivals is everywhere galvanic, and much of every old play must be withered. But it will be impatiently asked, How did Mr. and Mrs. Kean act? and the answer must be—well. Mr. Kean took a right view of the light soldierly scoffer of the early part, and of the earnest lover of the after portion of the drama. He made the story actual by expressing the puzzled state of the flattered man, when he is made to believe that so brilliant a lady loves him; and he skilfully developed the deepening into an earnest feeling the genuine

lover and ultimate champion. The action of the character is all natural; and this the audience enjoy, and Mr. Kean delineates forcibly. Mrs. Kean perfectly understands the masculine mind mixed with the feminine feeling of the joyous lady, and, of course, did not miss the capital stage opportunity of passing from the light and gay to the dark fierceness of the indignant woman. She throughout kept down the boisterousness of mirth that would have shocked the notions of modern fine ladies.

The manners of the vulgar are but little varied by time, though our police can scarcely be recognised in Dogberry and his watch. Here, however, is true character, irrespective of manners; and the satire upon the ignorance and insolence of office, even in its lowest grades, is thoroughly relished by all classes of the house. Mr. Frank Matthews was sufficiently complacent and arrogant as the great Constable and Ass, and Mr Meadows more than sufficiently senile as the humble shadow of the great man. The play is got up with the completeness proper to this management; and it has some very picturesque scenery, groupings, and street scenes, though none so elaborate as those of the "Merchant of Venice." Those who do not really feel such plays as veritable living dramas may yet be greatly delighted by a three hours' exhibition of gay dresses, active conversations, beautiful scenery, and occasionally bursts of real emotions and gleams of fine wit.

### LITERARY NEWS.

Messrs. Longman transmit to us several important items of literary intelligence. A new and cheaper edition of the Abbé Huc's work, entitled "The Chinese Empire," will be published in January, complete in one volume, crown 8vo.

On the 1st of January 1859, will be published, price 1s., Part I. of a new edition of the Miscellaneous Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, including his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. To be continued monthly, and completed in seven parts, uniform with the People's edition of "Lord Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays."

A Memoir of Captain W. Thornton Bate, R.N., by the Rev. John Baillie, author of "Memoirs of Hewitson," of "Adelaide Newton," &c., will shortly be published. Captain Bate fell at the storming of Canton.

The Letters of Sir Augustus Frazer during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns will be published during the present season.

A new edition (the third) of the Rev. Canon Mozeley's work on popular astronomy, entitled "Astro-Theology," is in the press.

There is preparing for publication by Messrs. Longman and Co. a new edition of Moore's "Lalla Rookh," to form a single volume, small quarto, with numerous illustrations from original designs by John Tenniel, engraved on Wood by Dalziel Brothers.

"Moore's Sacred Songs," arranged for one or more voices, the music printed with the words, complete in one volume, small music size, uniform with the new editions (music and words) of Moore's "Irish Melodies," Moore's "National Melodies," and the "Harmonised Airs from Moore's Irish Melodies," and completing the series—will be published in December.

Part II. of the "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology," edited by Robert B. Todd, M.D., F.R.S., completing this work, and containing the title, introduction, index, &c. to the supplementary volume, a classified table of contents, and a copious index to the whole work, is advancing at press, and will be published in the present season.

A new school-book on English composition for the use of normal students, pupil teachers, &c., entitled "Paraphrasing and Analysis of Sentences Simplified," and forming a manual of instruction and exercise, has been written by the Rev. John Hunter, M.A., formerly Vice-President of the National Society's Training College, Battersea, author of "Text Book of English Grammar," &c. It will be published in a small volume 12mo. in December.

A new work on the scenery of Mont Blanc, entitled "Scenes from the Snow Fields," by Mr. E. T. Coleman, will be published in December. It consists of illustrations of the upper ice-world of Mont Blanc from sketches made on the spot by Mr. Coleman in the years 1855, 1856, and 1857; accompanied by historical and descriptive remarks, and a comparison of the Chamonix and St. Gervais routes. The plates are twelve in number, but they comprise eighteen subjects, printed in chromo-lithography by Vincent Brooks. The size of this work is imperial folio.

"An Essay on Classification," by Louis Agassiz, will be published in December, in 1 vol. 8vo. This work appeared originally as the introductory essay to a series of monographs connected with the natural history of the United States, under the title of "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States of America," in ten volumes 4to. As the Essay, from its nature and the high reputation of the author, is of considerable interest to general readers, as well as to professed naturalists, a separate edition has been called for; and Professor Agassiz has prepared it for the press, with emendations and numerous additions. The contents are divided under the following heads: 1. The fundamental relations of animals to one

another and the world in which they live, as the basis of the natural system. 2. Leading groups of the existing systems of animals. 3. Notice of the principal systems of zoology.

A new book for the use of young persons, on the "History of the Early Church," by the author of "Amy Herbert," is preparing for publication. The object of this work is to place before young people, in a simple and interesting form, the well-authenticated facts of Church history, from the foundation of the Church to the Council of Nice.

A new story, entitled "Mildred Norman the Nazarene," by a Working Man, will shortly be published. The author of this work professes to have derived his materials from the "mud" of modern London social life.

Mr. Paul Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of British North America" will be published early in the approaching season, in 1 vol. 8vo. The author spent four years in traversing these regions to which the recent discovery of gold has imparted a new and daily-increasing interest. His wanderings extended from Canada to Vancouver's Island, Oregon, through the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and back again. His main object was to sketch pictures of the principal chiefs, in their original costumes, to illustrate their manners and customs, and to depict the scenery of the country; but he is not without hope that his work will be found to throw fresh light upon an almost unexplored region, remarkable at once for the beauty of its scenery, the salubrity of its climate, and the abundance of its commercial resources. The illustrations, executed from the author's sketches or finished paintings, consist of eight plates printed in colours, and thirteen wood engravings, selected as specimens of the different classes of subjects which engaged the artist's attention during his sojourn among the Indians of the north-west.

There is preparing for publication, by Messrs. Longman and Co., in one volume, with numerous illustrations, "A Complete Treatise on the Science of Handling, Educating, and Taming all Horses; with a full and detailed Narrative of his Experience and Practice," by John S. Rarey, of Ohio, U.S. This work, which has been several years in preparation, will contain a complete account of the particular method adopted by Mr. Rarey with the various animals selected in England and other countries to test the efficacy of his system.

A new work, entitled "The Dog in Health and Disease, comprising the various modes of breaking and using him for hunting, coursing, shooting, &c., and including the points or characteristics of toy dogs," is preparing for publication by Stonehenge, author of "The Greyhound," &c. The object of this work, which will form a single volume with numerous illustrations, is to place in clear and precise language the characteristics of every description of sporting or toy dog before the owner or intending owner, so as to enable him to select the animal which he may intend to amuse himself with, as well as to manage it in health and sickness to the best advantage. Various sporting writers of authority in their respective departments have treated of these subjects separately; but no single writer has hitherto combined the whole of them satisfactorily; and it is hoped that the present work will be acceptable to all who take an interest in breeding, breaking, or training any variety of the canine species.

Mr. W. Odling, M.A., Professor of Practical Chemistry at Guy's Hospital, and Secretary to the Chemical Society, has prepared for the press a "Manual of Chemistry, Descriptive and Theoretical," which will shortly be published. This work is intended as a strictly elementary text book, for the use of those lecturers and students who employ, or wish to employ, the unitary system of chemistry, according to which the molecule of water is represented by the formula H<sub>2</sub>O. Water thus becomes a unit of comparison, to which the majority of oxides, hydrates, acids, salts, alcohols, ethers, &c., can be referred. Moreover, the anomaly of the vapour-density of water is hereby obviated, and its volume-equivalent made to correspond with that of other compound bodies. This system has been made the basis of elementary teaching by Professor Brodie at the University of Oxford; by the author at Winchester College, Hants; and by its chief English exponent, Dr. Williamson, at University College, London. It is believed that other chemists, who have fully recognised the merits of the system, and materially aided its development by their researches, would have adopted it in their public teachings, had there existed any suitable manual to which they could have referred their pupils.

Mr. F. T. Conington, M.A., Fellow of the Chemical Society and of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has nearly ready for publication a "Handbook of Chemical Analysis," adapted to the unitary system of notation, and based upon the fourth edition of Dr. H. Will's "Anleitung zur Chemischen Analyse." The main object of this work is to further the general adoption in chemical instruction of the system of notation advocated by Gerhardt, Laurent, Williamson, and other eminent chemists, by furnishing the laboratory student with a book on analysis in which this notation is employed throughout. It is also designed to supply what is acknowledged to be a desideratum in English chemical literature—viz. a

complete text-book of inorganic analysis within a moderate compass. In German chemical literature this place is filled by the last edition of Dr. H. Will's "Anleitung zur Chemischen Analyse," a book which, with permission of the author, has been taken as the basis of the present work. The adoption of the unitary system of notation, as well as other considerations, have necessitated certain alterations in the plan of the book; and considerable additions have been made in order to incorporate all the improvements in analysis which have appeared since the publication of Dr. Will's work. The book will contain an enumeration of the reactions of all the elementary bodies, and their principal compounds; the best methods for separating and estimating the metals; a series of tables for qualitative analysis; a selection of examples for quantitative analysis, both by weight and by the volumetric method; and a succinct account of the best processes for the detection of the most important poisons in judicial investigations.

"Conversations on England as it was and is" is the title of a new work adapted for schools and home tuition, by Mrs. Kemp, Author of "Rachel Cohen," to be published in December. That eminent teacher and scholar, the late Dr. Arnold, maintained that geography and history could only be efficiently taught in connexion with each other; and it is in accordance with his views, and with the plan so successfully pursued by him at Rugby, that this work is compiled. From a conviction that much ignorance prevails on a subject of such primary geographical interest, the author of the present work endeavoured, in a series of familiar conversations between a mother and her children, to convey to young students information on the most important and interesting topics connected with their own country. The work claims to be a topographical history of England, interspersed with historical and biographical associations. Each conversation embraces the history of a county, and contains information of its earliest inhabitants, conquest by Romans, condition under Saxons, Danes, and Normans, with its later historical and biographical recollections; its chief rivers, and other physical features; its natural productions and industrial resources; the rise and progress of its principal towns, with the sources of their present importance, population, &c. In carrying out the object which the author had in view, she has contrasted the present with the past, and thus endeavoured to lead the minds of youth to a just appreciation of the blessings resulting from the eminent position which England has attained.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has given orders for the appointment of Dr. Henry Barth, the African traveller, to be a Companion of the Bath.

At a meeting at Edinburgh, on Saturday, in celebration of the opening of a library for the letter-press printers of that city, Dr. Murray, who presided, said: "Printing is the most important business carried on in Edinburgh, not only from its useful and interesting character, but from the great amount of persons to whom it affords employment. No trade in Edinburgh employs nearly so many men, and these men of great intelligence and respectability. The *Edinburgh Review* and *Tait's Magazine* are not now, it is true, printed in Edinburgh; but we have Sir Walter Scott's Works, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *North British Review*, the U.P. periodicals (of which greatly above 100,000 sheets are printed monthly), the *Medical Journal*, the *Christian Treasury*, and other periodicals—not to speak of the large number of works on science and literature that are continuously issuing from the press. And it is not going too far to say that the Edinburgh press has, within the last hundred years, contributed ten times more to the instruction, the amusement, and the literary glory of this country, than all the other presses of the country put together, London alone excepted. In this respect, this romantic town of ours need not fear a comparison with any city in ancient or modern times. Her press presents at this time no symptoms of decay; perhaps it was not at any period in a more healthy state, or afforded efficient employment to so many men. The number of printers at present employed in this town ranges between 1100 and 1200; and, supposing only half the adults married, and to have the average number of family, the printing business at this date supports, and supports creditably, no fewer than between 3000 and 4000 individuals. This calculation does not include publishers, paper-makers, bookbinders, &c."

The following circular has been addressed to the students of the University of Glasgow:—"Gentlemen.—The secretary of the Conservative Club has received the following communications from the Lord Rector:—'Colonial Office, Nov. 16. Dear Sir,—You will already have received by telegraph my acknowledgment of the great honour I am so proud to receive. Pray convey to the University and its members the expression of my heartfelt appreciation of their kindness, and assure them that it is no small pleasure to me to feel that, for another year, my connection with the University of Glasgow is to remain unchanged. Yours most obliged and faithfully, E. B. LYTTON.—G. Lang, Esq.' We append the telegram alluded to in the foregoing letter:—'I accept with pride the high honour conferred upon me by the students of Glasgow University.' Conservative Club Committee Rooms, Nov. 17."



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The first "Examination of Students not Members of the University," appointed by the authorities of Cambridge to be held at Brighton in December, is to be inaugurated with all the ceremony and respect befitting the occasion. Arrangements are being made to receive the Syndic appointed to open and the Examiner to conduct the examination at a public meeting, at the Town Hall, the day preceding the examination. The Mayor (Cordy Burrows, Esq.) will preside, and the Bishop of Chichester and the clergy of all denominations connected with the town are to be invited to attend, as also the members for the county and boroughs of Sussex, the county magistrates, the Mayors of Chichester, Hastings, and Rye, and the aldermen and council of Brighton. The Mayor and other official personages will attend in their robes, officers in uniform, and members of universities in their academic costume. We have the satisfaction to announce that the Bishop has accepted the invitation and consented to take part in the ceremonial, and will move the first resolution; and that Mr. Dodson, M.P. for East Sussex, and Mr. Coningham, M.P. for Brighton, have also signified their intention of being present. Replies to other invitations have not yet been received. His Worship the Mayor will entertain the Bishop and other leading personages at dinner after the meeting; and the Royal Literary and Scientific Institution will also celebrate the event in the evening by a grand conversation at the Pavilion, the only one to be held this year.

Information has been brought by some whalers, recently arrived, that Captain McClinton was seen early in August within Pond's Bay, into which he had succeeded in navigating the Fox, and that he was holding communication with numerous parties of Esquimaux.

Dr. Francis Lieber, editor of the *American Encyclopedia*, has lately been driven from South Carolina, because of an anti-slavery article he published fifteen or twenty years ago in the *Encyclopedia*.

## OBITUARY.

Mrs. JOHANNA KINKEL.—It is with deep regret that we have to record the sudden death by accident on the 15th inst. of Mrs. Johanna Kinkel, wife of Dr. G. Kinkel. It appears that in an agony of pain, brought on by chronic disease of the heart, she hastily tried to open a window in her bedroom in order to get fresh air, and leaning out too far, owing to the construction of the window, which was exceptionally low, lost her balance and fell to the ground. The facts were so clear, that the jury immediately returned an unanimous verdict of accidental death. The deceased was highly distinguished both as a writer of poems and stories, which for truth of conception, simplicity of diction, and artistic finish gave her a prominent place among her contemporaries. In music she was eminent both as a performer and composer, being one of the most successful pupils of Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Most of all, however, she was distinguished by her glowing enthusiasm for all that was noble and great; and the cause of German freedom found in her a devoted champion. In her private character she was exceedingly amiable and kind, and many are the mourners over her early grave. Her remains were interred last Saturday in Woking Cemetery, whither they were attended by her husband and children, accompanied by a few choice friends.

THE REV. JOHN CLAY.—This reverend gentleman, late the chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, expired, after a long illness, arising from natural decay, at his residence, West Cliff, Preston, on Sunday last. The rev. gentleman resigned the chaplaincy of the gaol on the 25th June, 1857, after having filled that office nearly 36 years, during which time he had become an authority on prison discipline and the criminal statistics of the northern division of Lancashire. His influence in these matters was not confined to this country, for his lucid and comprehensive reports were translated into most of the languages of the Continent. Mr. Clay was well known in the literary world as the author of many pamphlets and fugitive papers in the magazines, the best of which appeared under the signature of "The Old Gaol Chaplain."

Standing in the narrow Gothic railed-off space reserved for the public—the throne at the opposite extremity of the House—you may see on one of the benches to the right, almost every forenoon—Saturday and Sunday excepted—during the session, a very old man with a white head, and attired in a simple frock and trousers of shepherd's plaid. It is a leonine head, and the white locks are bushy and profuse. So, too, the eyebrows, penthouses to eyes somewhat weak now, but that can flash fire yet upon occasions. The face is ploughed with wrinkles, as well it may be, for the old man will never see fourscore years again, and of these threescore, at the very least, have been spent in study and the hardest labour, mental and physical. The nose is a marvel—protuberant, rugose, aggressive, inquiring, and defiant: unlovely, but intellectual. There is a trumpet mouth, a belligerent mouth, projecting and self-asserting; largish ears, and on chin or cheeks no vestige of hair. Not a beautiful man this on any theory of beauty, Hogarthian, Ruskinian, Winckelmannian, or otherwise. Rather a shaggy, gnarled, battered, weatherbeaten, ugly, faithful, Scotch-colley type. Not a soft, imploring, yielding face. Rather a tearing, mocking, pugnacious cast of countenance. The mouth is fashioned to the saying of harsh, hard, pertinent things; not cruel, but downright; but never to whisper compliments, or simpler out platitudes. A nose, too, that can snuff the battle afar off, and with dilated nostrils

breathe forth a glory that is sometimes terrible; but not a nose for a pouncet box, or a Covent Garden bouquet, or a *flacon* of Frangipani. Would not care much for truffles either, I think, or the delicate aroma of sparkling Moselle. Would prefer onions or strongly-infused malt and hops: something honest and unsophisticated. Watch this old man narrowly, young visitor to the Lords. Scan his furrowed visage. Mark his odd angular ways and gestures passing uncouth. Now he crouches, very doglike, on his crimson bench; clasps one shepherd's plaid leg in both his hands. Botherem, Q.C., is talking nonsense, I think. Now the legs are crossed, and the hands thrown behind the head; now he digs his elbows into the little Gothic writing-table before him, and buries the hands in that puissant white hair of his. The quiddities of Floorem, Q.C. are beyond human patience. Then with a wrench, a wriggle, a shake, a half turn and half start up—still very doglike, but of the Newfoundland rather, now, he asks a lawyer or a witness a question. Question very sharp and to the point, not often complimentary bytimes, and couched in that which is neither broad Scotch nor Northumbrian burr, but a rebellious mixture of the two. Mark him well, eve him closely: you have not much time to lose. Alas! the giant is very old: though with frame yet unenfeebled, with intellect yet gloriously unclouded. But the sands are running, ever running. Watch him, mark him, eye him, score him on your mind-tablets: then home; and in 'after years it may be your lot to tell your children, that once at least you have seen with your own eyes the famous Lord of Vaux: once listened to the voice that has shaken thrones and made tyrants tremble, that has been a herald of deliverance to millions pining in slavery and captivity; a voice that has given utterance, in man's most eloquent words, to the noblest, wisest thoughts lent to this Man of Men by Heaven; a voice that has been trumpet-sounding these sixty years past in defence of Truth, and Right, and Justice—in advocacy of the claims of learning and industry, and of the liberties of the great English people, from whose ranks he rose; a voice that should be entitled to a hearing in a Walhalla of wise heroes, after Francis of Verulam and Isaac of Grant-ham; the voice of one who is worthily a lord, but who will be yet better remembered, and to all time—remembered enthusiastically and affectionately—as the champion of all good and wise and beautiful Human Things—HARRY BROUGHAM.—From "Twice Round the Clock," in the *Welcome Guest*.

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Dessert Spoons	30 <i>l.</i>		24 <i>l.</i>		24 <i>l.</i>
Tea Spoons	18 <i>l.</i>		14 <i>l.</i>		14 <i>l.</i>
Mustard and Salt, per pair, 3 <i>l.</i>			3 <i>l.</i>		3 <i>l.</i>

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12 Table Forks	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
12 Table Spoons	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 18 0	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 18 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 16 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 8 0	0 11 0	0 13 0	0 16 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gt. bl.	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 3 0	0 3 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0	0 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 17 0	1 0 0	1 1 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 8 0
Total	11 14 6	14 11 3	17 14 9	21 4 2

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**OPENING OF NEW PREMISES.**—The Public are respectfully informed that the magnificent and capacious Premises, 189 and 190, Tottenham Court Road, corner of Francis-street, London, were opened on MONDAY, the 25th of October, as a first-class Clothing and Outfitting Establishment, by **LAWRENCE HYAM**, in connection with his long-celebrated House, 36, Gracechurch-street, City. The stock, which consists of every description of Men's, Youth's, and Boys' Attire, adapted to the present season, is of the most novel description, being manufactured by L. HYAM within the last three months, expressly for this establishment. Everything that long experience and taste can suggest has been brought into requisition, in order to render this establishment not only the most popular, but of paramount importance to every class of the community. The Public are invited to inspect the immense assortment now on hand; and, as every garment will be sold at a mere fraction of profit, this, combined with intrinsic goodness and great durability, L. HYAM hopes will ensure universal support. In the Ordered Department, cutters of great talent and experience are engaged, thus ensuring to those who favour L. HYAM with their patronage in this department the certainty of obtaining superior garments, both in quality, workmanship, and durability, at a great reduction in prices.—L. HYAM, Tailor, Clothier, and Outfitter, West End Establishment, 189 and 190, Tottenham Court Road, W.; City Establishment, 36, Gracechurch-street, City, E.C.

**NICOLL'S NEW REGISTERED PALETOT** has all those advantages which secured such general popularity to Messrs. Nicoll's original Paletot, that is to say, as it avoids giving to the wearer an outré appearance, professional men and all others can use it during the winter season, and on account of its being so simple, there is an absence of unnecessary seams, thus securing a more graceful outline and great saving in wear; the latter advantage is considerably enhanced by the application of a peculiar and neatly-stitched binding, the mode of effecting which is patented. In London, the NEW REGISTERED PALETOT can alone be had of H. J. and D. NICOLL, 114, 116, 118, and 120, Regent-street, and 22, Cornhill.

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR YOUTH, &c. **H. J. and D. NICOLL** recommend for an outside Coat the Havelock and Patent Cape Paletot; and for ordinary use the Cape Suit, such being well adapted for young Gentlemen on account of exhibiting considerable economy with general excellence. Gentlemen at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, the Military and Naval Schools, waited on by appointment. A great variety of materials adapted for the Kilted or Highland Costume, as worn by the Royal Princes, may be seen at WARWICK HOUSE, 142 and 144, Regent-street.

**NICOLL'S PATENT HIGHLAND CLOAK** is a combination of utility, elegance, and comfort. No Lady having seen or used such in travelling for morning wear, or for evening frock dress, will willingly be without one. It somewhat resembles the old Spanish Escapulaire, and has an elastic Capeline Hood. It is not cumbersome or heavy, and measures from twelve to sixteen yards round the outer edge, falling in graceful folds from the shoulders; but by a mechanical contrivance (such being a part of the Patent) the wearer can instantly form semi-cloves, and thus leave the arms at liberty: at the same time the Cloak can be made as quickly to resume its original shape. The materials chiefly used for travelling are the soft neutral-coloured shawer-proof Woolen Cloths manufactured by this firm, but for the promenade other materials are provided. The price will be two guineas and a half for each Cloak; but with the Mechanism and a lined Hood a few shillings more are charged. This department is attended to by Cutters, who prepare Mantles of all kinds, with Velvet, Fur, or Cloth Jackets, either for in or out door use. These at all times—like this Firm's Riding Habit—are in good taste and fit well. Female attendants may also be seen for Pantaloons, Cheviots, &c. in partial composition of Chambray. No measure is required; the patent Highland Cloak can be sent at once to any part of the country, and is thus well adapted for a gift.—**H. J. and D. NICOLL, Warwick House, 142 and 144, Regent-street, London.**

**NICOLL'S PATENT CAPE PALETOT** offers the following desideratum: the Cape descends from the front part of the shoulders and forms a species of sleeve for each arm, thus affording perfect freedom to pass through enlarged apertures in the side or body of the Paletot; these apertures, however, are duly covered by the Cape, which does not appear at the back part of the Paletot, but only in the front, and thus serves to form hanging sleeves, at the same time concealing the hands when placed in the pockets. The garment is altogether most convenient and graceful in appearance, and can in London alone be had of H. J. and D. NICOLL, 114, 116, 118, and 120, Regent-street, and 22, Cornhill.

**THE RESPIRATORY MANTILLA.**—It must be admitted that unskilfulness is the chief obstruction to a more general use of the BREATH WARMER. Such, it is unnecessary to explain, is a cover to the mouth, to be used by those who desire to deprive air of its coldness, and before it is inhaled by the lungs. Ladies may now wear the Respirator without the least sacrifice of appearance, or indeed of its being perceived that the valuable preservative of life is in actual use. The plan is simple, although the following description is inadequate to represent the modus operandi; consequently, female attendants are employed to explain the same to any lady who may call at Warwick House, but at the same time the strictest injunctions have been given to prevent any person being unduly urged to purchase. The wearer having the Mantilla on, and fastened in the usual manner, should draw the new contrivance, called **NICOLL'S PATENT MECHANIQUE**, with the view to gather into folds a diagonal section of the garment, and then to cast these folds lightly over one shoulder, and place before the mouth the particular fold in which the Respirator is concealed; and it is there kept by the girdle of the Mechanique till the wearer arrives within doors. The Respiratory Mantilla may be made of any of the materials now in fashionable demand, and its usefulness has only to be seen to be appreciated. The highest medical opinion has been given with regard to the usefulness of the garment, more particularly when ladies leave warm places of worship or after evening parties they are suddenly brought in contact with the cold air. To the delicate in health the invention is invaluable, and it is patented by H. J. and D. NICOLL, of Warwick House, 142 and 144, Regent-street, London.



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## KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A

safe and certain remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other affections of the throat and chest. In incipient consumption, asthma, and winter cough, they are untailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by the most delicate female or the youngest child; while the public speaker and professional singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation. Prepared and sold in boxes 1s. 1d., and tins 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists.

## TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED.

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## NERVOUSNESS, EPILEPSY, MIND AND

HEAD COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, &c., their Causes and Cure.—AN ESSAY: the result of a long and extended practice in the treatment of nervous and head affections, indigestion, relaxation, debility, &c., and intended as a source of easy reference for the non-professional reader. By A PHYSICIAN. Few diseases are more prevalent, less understood, and consequently more erroneously treated, than the above, to which thousands of invalids, whose protracted sufferings have been an enigma to their friends, trace their position; while in most cases the immediate cause of those complaints remains unknown to them, and any treatment, in the absence of this knowledge, becomes uncertain, often fruitless. Where ordinary resources prove abortive, the use of the microscope is not infrequently attended with the happiest results, the long-concealed cause of much misery being thereby brought to light, and a correct and generally successful mode of treatment at once indicated. The object of this work is to clear up some matters of vital importance that have hitherto remained obscure, and to point out to the nervous and hypochondriacal invalid the means by which he may arrive at a state of health to which, in all probability, he has long been a stranger. The above will be sent post free on receipt of 12 postage stamps, by MR. RIDGE, 10, Brooke-street, Holborn-bars, London.

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Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna. (The Patentee may be consulted daily). See "Human Fraternity" sold at Allen's, 20, Paternoster-row. Triezsemar, No. 1, is a remedy for relaxation, spermatorrhoea, and exhaustion of the system. Triezsemar, No. 2, effectually, in the short space of a few days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which capes have so long been thought an antidote for, to the ruin of the health of a vast portion of the population. Triezsemar, No. 3, is the great Continental remedy for that class of disorders which, unfortunately, the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the sarsaparilla of the world cannot remove. Triezsemar, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may lie on the toilet-table without their use being suspected.—Sold in tin cases, price 11s., or four cases in one for 39s., which saves 11s.; and in 2d. cases, whereby there is a saving of 11s. 12s., divided into separate doses, as administered by Valpeau, Lallemand, Ronx, &c.—Sold by D. CURRICH, 78, Gracechurch-street; HOOPER, 43, King William-street; G. F. WATTS, 17, Strand; PROUT, 229, Strand; HANNA, 63, Oxford-street; SARGENT, 160, Oxford-street, London; R. H. BROWN, Market-street, Manchester; and POWELL, 15, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

## A GOOD FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST.

With a prudent use, has saved many a life, and yet we think the idea might be improved upon, and reduced to a more simple form. Take some good compound, such as COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, and we find that the desired end may be attained without scales and weights, or little mysterious compartments, and enchanted bottles with crystal stoppers. Others might be used, but Cockle's Pills, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose so well, may be set down as the best.—*Observer*.

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—Marvellous cures of sciatica, stiff joints, paralysis of the limbs, and other crippling diseases of the bones, sinews, and muscles, have been accomplished by Holloway's Ointment. It is the only unguent which produces any impression on these complaints. The Pills also work wonders. The Ointment and Pills should be both used at the same time, for the action of the one is greatly assisted by that of the other. Why should any human being suffer from the above-mentioned maladies when Holloway's Ointment and Pills are to be found in every city and town in the world. These noble medicaments are composed of rare balsams, and are as benign and safe as they are powerful and efficacious.

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From Mr. Richard Roberts, Printer, Bull Ring, Horn-castle.—"JOHN COOLING, of Thimbleby, Fen Allotment, says he has been for a long time greatly suffering from difficulty of breathing, particularly during the night, and had a continual rising of phlegm; took Dr. Locock's Wafers, and found instant relief; nearly cured by the first box; says they are worth their weight in gold."

DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per box. They have a pleasant taste. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

CAUTION.—Every box of the genuine medicine has the words "DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS" in red letters on a red ground in the Government Stamp, and without which words all are counterfeits and an imposition.

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HERTS. This Establishment is NOW OPEN for the reception of PATIENTS, male and female, suffering from the effects of Intemperate habits or other diseases connected with the nervous system. The proprietor, a married gentleman, and a regularly-qualified M.D. of extensive experience, is in possession of a specific for the above distressing maladies, which are unobtainable on the increase; and he guarantees to effect a complete and permanent cure within twelve months from the date of admission.

Frogmore Lodge is pleasantly situated within its own grounds, and from the purity of the air and general salubrity of the locality, is admirably adapted for successfully carrying out the proprietor's peculiar mode of treatment. The terms of admission and further particulars may be ascertained by letter addressed "To the Proprietors of Frogmore Lodge Establishment, Rickmansworth, Herts.;" and as the number of patients must necessarily be limited, early application will be necessary.

## THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY, for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farina of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

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Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Cansisters, at 2s. 6d. and 10s. each.

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The following Letter has recently been addressed to Mr. Powell, from Wm. Boards, Esq., an agriculturist and land agent, residing at Edmonton, Middlesex:—"Dear Sir,—I have recently suffered much from a most violent cough, proceeding from a tickling in my chest, which no remedy, out of many I resorted to, could allay. My head was constantly aching, and my whole frame entirely shaken. Having seen the good effects of your Balsam of Aniseed in several members of my family, I purchased a small bottle, and when going to bed at night took a teaspoonful in two tablespoonfuls of water just warm. The effect was immediate; it arrested the tickling in my chest, I slept well, and arose perfectly restored in the morning, with the exception of debility, arising from fatigue by incessant coughing for some days previous. My cough entirely left me, and has never returned. Having since heard of a lady in the neighbourhood who for a long time had laboured under a most distressing cough, and who had resorted to every remedy within her knowledge, I sent the remainder of the bottle to her; and that long-standing, obstinate, and (as she thought) incurable cough was perfectly cured. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you may please of this communication, as the contents are strictly true. I shall take every opportunity of recommending your inestimable medicine, feeling as I do, fully assured of its efficacy. I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, Wm. Boards.—To Mr. Thos. Powell."

This old-established Family Cough Medicine is remarkable for its curative properties in all cases of coughs, colds, shortness of breath, asthma, night cough, and every kind of pulmonary disorder.—Prepared and sold by THOMAS POWELL, at the warehouse, 15, Blackfriars-road, London (late 51). Sold by all respectable chemists.

In bottles at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d. each.

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PILLS. Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

This preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind; for during the first twenty years of the present century to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance; but now, the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated by unsolicited testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.

These Pills require neither attention nor confinement, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.—Sold by PROUT and HANNA, 63, Strand, London; and all Medicine Vendors.

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5000 Copies of a Medical Book to be given away!!!—A Clergyman of the Church of England, having been cured of nervous debility, loss of memory, indigestion, and other fearful symptoms, is earnestly desirous of imparting to his suffering fellow-men the means whereby his restoration was so marvelously effected. He will therefore send a book containing all the necessary information, on receipt of two penny stamps to prepay postage, addressed to the Rev. H. R. TRAVERS, M.A., 1, North Cumberland-place, Bayswater, Middlesex.

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PELLE continues her vivid and interesting delineations of character from an examination of the handwriting of individuals, in a style never before attempted in England. Persons desirous of knowing their own characteristics, or those of any friend, must inclose a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, with 14 penny postage stamps, to Miss Couppelle, 63, Castle-street, Newmarket-street, London, and they will receive per return a full detail of the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, &c. of the writer, with many other things calculated to be useful through life.—From F.N. "I consider your skill surprising."—C.S. "Your description of my character is remarkably correct."—H.W. "Your sketch of my character is marvellously correct."—Miss P. "Mamma says the character you sent me is a true one."—W.N. "You have described him very accurately."

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WITHOUT A TRUSS.—Dr. Thomson's remedy has been successful in thousands of cases, and is applicable to every variety of single or double rupture in both sexes, however long standing, effecting a perfect cure in a short time, without pain or confinement, thus rendering the further use of trusses unnecessary. Persons in any part of the world can have the remedy sent to them post free, on receipt of 10s. in postage stamps, or by post-office order payable at the chief London office to Dr. Ralph Thomson, 1A, Arlington-street, Mornington-gate, London. Consultations by appointment daily except Sunday. A Treatise on the Nature, Causes, and Symptoms of every kind of Hernia, with a large selection of Testimonials from patients cured, sent free by post for four penny stamps.

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